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The Cardinal

OF THE

SENIOR CLASS

OF

1919





Dedication

We dedicate this book to W. G. THOMPSON,
B. C. S., who for the last two years has been our
friend and guide. His interest and service have made
our course in the Normal School of value.





PROF. THOMPSON

W. G. Thompson, B. C. S.

Professor William Grant Thompson was born at Albany, New York, and attended the Public and High Schools of that city. He took special courses in the Albany Business College and in 1885 entered the United States Military Academy. Later he took a three years' course in physical education at the Chautauqua Normal School of Physical Education, and the normal course for commercial teachers at the Rochester Business Institute. He attended New York University from which institution he was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Commercial Science (*magna cum laude*). From 1892 to 1907, he was instructor and executive officer in the United States Indian Educational Service. From 1907 to 1910, he taught in the Reading, Penn., High School. In 1910, he came to Plattsburgh as head of the Department of Commercial Education.

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Foreword

It is with pleasure that the CARDINAL Staff of 1919 presents to you this book with the hope that you will be lenient in your criticisms.

The CARDINAL of 1919 is the result of our earnest efforts. Flaws and imperfections no doubt may be found in it, but we hope that you will appreciate the fact that we have done our best.

That you may derive as much pleasure in reading this book as we have in compiling it, is the sincere wish of

THE STAFF.



The Editorial Staff

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Cooperstown High School and Training Class; Albany Normal College, Ed. B.

ERMINIA M. WHITLEY, A. B.,

Critic and Model Teacher, Eighth Grade.

Plattsburgh Normal School; Wellesley College, A. B.

The Builders

"The art of building," says Ruskin, "is the strongest, proudest, most enduring of all of the arts of man. It is the art which is associated with all civic pride and sacred principle."

As the class of 1919 enters upon its chosen vocation, each member becomes a builder, not of structures made with hands, but of character, of the souls of men and of nations.

It is well that each contemplate with seriousness the structure to be reared.

Almost fifty years ago a prince dreamed of world dominion. For his foundation he used the schools to inculcate in the minds of his youth his supreme military ambition. The wisdom of this course in so far as the accomplishment of his purpose is concerned cannot be denied. Never has a nation so proved the power of education to transform, to dwarf, to pervert the souls of men.

With this example before us, we take up our tools with reverence, almost with fear, realizing what an influence they are to wield in the future of nations, realizing that in our hands lies the power not only to mold the future of our own land, but that of the world. As to the foundation, so will be the final structure.

May we, the class 1919, so build that the fate of our country be never jeopardized but ever secured by the ideals and aspirations of our building.

H. H.

Class Officers

LOUISE LEWIS	President
AGNES BOWE	Vice-President
ADELINE WALLACE	Secretary
ETHEL DERWAY	Treasurer

Class Yells

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|--|
| 1 | Alla geroo, geroo, geroo,
Wah hoo hazoo,
High X high X,
Hicka picka dominicka,
Alla gebah, gebah, gebah,
Seniors, Seniors,
Rah, rah, rah! | 3 | Juniors in a high chair,
Who put them up there?
Seniors, Seniors,
Rah, Rah, Rah! |
| 2 | Who are the Juniors?
The leg of an owl,
The wing of a bat,
The horn of a cow,
The tail of a cat,
A bag of peanuts,
A bale of hay,
Juniors, Juniors,
Hip, hip, hooray. | 4 | Riza, Riza, Raxe,
Give them all the axe,
When they see the S-I-N-I-O-R-S,
Watch them turn their ba-a-a-uks. |

MOTTO—ROWING NOT DRIFTING

COLORS—PURPLE AND GOLD



PRESENTED TO THE PLATTSBURGH STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
BY THE CLASSES OF 1918 AND 1919

Senior Creed

We believe in ourselves the people of a great tomorrow that whatsoever the child soweth, the youth shall reap. We believe in the curse of ignorance, in the efficiency of schools, and in the joy of serving others. We believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives, as well as in the pages of a printed book; in ability to work with the head; in everything that makes life large and lovely. We believe in beauty in the schoolroom, in the home, in daily life and out of doors. We believe in laughter, in love, in faith, in all ideals and distant hopes that lure us on.

We believe that every hour of every day we receive a just reward for all we are and all we do. We believe in the present and its opportunities, in the future and its promises and in the divine joy of living.



"Baby"

MARGARET S. AMSDEN,

Bloomington, N. Y.

"Poor prattler! how thou talkest."

Plattsburgh Normal High School.

Delta Clionian.

"Rae"

RACHEL P. BAKER,

Ogdensburg, N. Y.

"Oh, dear, those lessons!"

Ogdensburg Free Academy.

"Lu"

LUCY M. BARTHOLOMEW,

Brandon, Vt.

"A name which all knew by sight very well,

But which few could speak, and none could spell."

Brandon High School.

Delta Clionian, Literary Editor of Cardinal, Charge to the Juniors.



"Lucy"

LUCILLE M. BONNER,

Malone, N. Y.

"A woman with a purpose will usually succeed."

Malone High School.

"Shamrock"

AGNES A. BOWE,

Keeseville, N. Y.

"Be sure you pronounce her name right."

McAnley Academy.

Delta Chiouian, Vice-President, Assistant Business Manager of Cardinal.

"Ada"

ADA B. CAMERON,

Alburg, Vt.

"I had rather be emaciated to the last degree of attenuation,
than to be one iota too corpulent."

Burlington High School.

AKΦ.

Page eighteen



"Ettie Mae"

ETHEL M. COMINS,

Clayton, N. Y.

"If we encountered a woman of rare intellect, we should
ask her what books she reads."

Clayton High School.

AKΦ.

"Freddie"

FREDRIKA H. DAY,

Valcour, N. Y.

"Let me discourse, and I will enchant thine ear."

Plattsburg High School.

AKΦ.

"Just Ethel"

ETHEL J. DERWAY,

Burlington, Vt.

"There was a case once—but alas, that is another story."

Burlington High School.

Delta Chiouian, Salutatorian, Treasurer, Honor Student.



"Don"

HELEN C. DONNELLY,

Glens Falls, N. Y.

"Don't worry over trouble, it never broke a date yet."

St. Mary's Academy.

Delta Clionian, Assistant Joke Editor.

"Downsie"

HAZEL W. DOWNS,

Mooers, N. Y.

"Absence of occupation is not rest."

AKΦ.

"Mack"

MAUDE D. DURGAN.

Peru, N. Y.

"Then she will talk—ye gods, how she will talk."

Peru High School.

Delta Clionian.

Page twenty



"Margie"

MARJORIE FLINT,

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"The noblest mind the best contentment has!"

Plattsburgh High School.

*Delta Clionian, Valedictorian, Assistant Editor-in-Chief of Cardinal, Clionian
Grand President.*

"Gadney"

CLARENCE W. GADWAY,

Morrisonville, N. Y.

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage."

Morrisonville High School.

"Vi"

VIOLET M. GARRENT,

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Her words are simple, and her soul sincere."

Plattsburgh High School.

Delta Clionian.



"Gen"

GENEVIEVE R. GONYEA,

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Small of stature, quiet of mien—bnt, oh my!"

Morrisonville High School.

AKΦ.

"Millie"

MILDRED A. GORDON,

Harkness, N. Y.

"To be calm is to be truly blest."

Keeseville High School.

Delta Clionian, Honar Student, Clionian History.

"Alma"

ALMA B. GRAY,

Ridgefield Park, N. J.

"I am well satisfield with myself."

Ridgefield Park High School.

Delta Clionian.

Page twenty-two



MADELINE F. HITZ,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"Hitzie"

"Let's be business like."

Poughkeepsie High School.

AKΦ, Honor Student, Class Prophecy.

HELEN M. HAWKINS,
Lake Grove, N. Y.

"Helen"

"I would rather exceed others in knowledge than in power."

Stony Brooks High School.

Two Summer Sessions at Oneonta Normal.

AKΦ, Second Assistant Business Manager of Cardinal.

DORIS C. HONSINGER,
West Chazy, N. Y.

"Honie"

"Slow freight ;

The D. and H.'s got nothing on me."

Plattsburgh High School.



GRETA I. HOWES, "Gret" Beekmantown, N. Y.

"So gentle, serious, mild and staid,
She surely seems a model maid."

Plattsburgh Normal High School.

AKΦ.

A. LOUISE LEWIS, "A. Louise" Poultney, Vt.

"By perseverance she surpassed full many."

Troy Conference Academy.

AKΦ, *President Senior Class, Editor-in-Chief of Cardinal, Honor Student.*

MARJORIE LOCKE, "Marnie" Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Eyes that displace the neighbor diamond, and outface
that sunshine by their own sweet grace."

Plattsburgh High School.

AKΦ, *Alumni Editor of Cardinal, Class Oration.*

Page twenty-four



"Just Hazel"

HAZEL C. MORFORD,

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Merry of spirit, and fond of humble things."

Plattsburgh High School.

Delta Clionian.

"Helen"

HELEN MEAGHER.

Saranac Lake, N. Y.

"High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy.

Saranac Lake High School.

Delta Clionian.

"Margaret, Mary, Mac"

MARGARET M. MURRAY,

N. Tarrytown, N. Y.

"The Right Honorable Lady is indebted to her memory for
her jests, and to her imagination for her facts."

Washington Irving High School.

AKΦ, *Class Presentation.*

Page twenty-five



"I. Mae"

I. MAE MACDOWELL,

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"To teach some children the way in which to go, go that
way yourself sometimes."

Plattsburgh High School.

Joke Editor of Cardinal, Class Will.

"Fred"

FREDERIC H. MARTIN.

Morrisonville, N. Y.

"Oh, Freddie, Freddie, so spick and span,
In one year more you'll be almost a man."

Morrisonville High School.

"Flo"

FLORENCE M. MACKENZIE.

Moriah, N. Y.

"I exist as I am, that's enough."

'Utica Free Academy.

AKΦ.

Page twenty-six



"Hildie"

HILDA NICHOLS,

Elizabethtown, N. Y.

"Steady and industrious."

Elizabethtown High School.

AKΦ.

"Weltha"

WELTHA NICHOLS,

Elizabethtown, N. Y.

"Quiet, modest and useful."

Elizabethtown High School.

AKΦ.

"Van"

MARY EVANGELINE NYE,

St. Hubert's, Essex County, N. Y.

"Every woman stamps her value on herself."

Ansable Forks High School.

AKΦ, *Class History, Honor Student.*

Page twenty-seven



"Tesh"

LETITIA C. PROVOST,

Peru, N. Y.

"You seem to be a student."

AKΦ, *Ivy Oration, Honor Student.*

Peru High School.

"Reny"

MARGARET RENISON,

Watertown, N. Y.

"Not afraid to give others the benefit of her own hard work."

Delta Clionian.

Watertown High School.

"Rohy"

CHARLES P. ROBERT,

Atlantic City, N. J.

"The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none."

Atlantic City High School.

Business Manager of Cardinal, Honor Student.

Page twenty-eight



"Bert"

ALBERTA ROVELLE,

Chateaugay, N. Y.

"Many are called, but few get right up."

Chateaugay High School.

AKΦ.

"Florence"

FLORENCE M. SNYK,

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Small—but oh, my!

We will admit she had much wit

And never shy of using it."

Dannemora High School.

Delta Clionian, Honor Student.

"Jennie"

JEANNE E. TANENBAUM,

Atlantic City, N. J.

"I hold he loves me best who calls me Jeanne."

Atlantic City High School.

Honor Student.

Page twenty-nine



"Tracy Kid"

MARGARET TRACY,

Cambridge, N. Y.

"Never could be sad or serious."

Cambridge High School.

AKΦ, *Class Poem, Agonian History.*

"Addie"

ADELIN E. WALLACE,

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"So absolute she seems, and in herself complete."

Champlain Academy, Port Henry, N. Y.

AKΦ, *Class Secretary, Agonian Grand Vice-President.*

"Dora"

DORA WEINSTEIN,

Peekskill, N. Y.

"She was not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block itself."

Onkside High School.

Page thirty



"Just Frances"

FRANCES J. WILCOTT,

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"It's the little things that count."

D'Youville Academy.

Delta Clionian.

"Another Frances"

FRANCES E. WILKINS,

Lake Placid, N. Y.

"Small, but oh, my!"

Lake Placid High School.

Delta Clionian.

"Julia"

JULIA KAPLAN,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Thy manner savors of the world without."

Bushwick High School.

Class History

OUR NORMAL DAYS

It is with mingled feelings of sadness and joy that we review our Normal Days. A feeling of sadness comes over us when we realize that the time for parting has come. The pleasant memories that come thronging bring us joy and in the future will brighten our way when darkness gathers.

The second Wednesday of September, 1917, was a memorable day in the life of each of us. On that day the Class of 1919 started on its journey through these honored halls of learning.

The first few weeks of Normal School life were busy ones. The various "rush" parties which were really "get acquainted" parties, helped us to ward off that terrible disease called homesickness, which was hovering over us. At the close of the "rush" season, the Juniors at last had time to pay some attention to the heretofore unimportant lessons.

At last the longed-for Christmas holidays arrived. The exuberant spirits of the Juniors were inspiring to see. The well needed rest prepared them to take up the hard work which was before them in the form of mid-year exams. These much dreaded horrors were finally a thing of the past, and life became one grand sweet song for a while.

At the beginning of the second semester, the Junior Class was organized with Mr. Martin as class president. The class displayed good judgment in making its choice.

The annual Mid-year Dance was held on the evening of March sixteenth in the gymnasium. The decorations, suitable for St. Patrick's Day, were most effective.

It was not long before June with its days crowded with work and play was at hand. Graduation was soon over, the last farewell was said, and the busy halls no longer echoed to the merry chatter of the students.

Summer vacation quickly fled, and almost before we realized it, we were once more in the familiar classrooms and corridors.

On September 11, 1918, we as high and mighty Seniors, greeted each other joyfully and cast an appraising eye on the timid and humble Juniors. We realized

from the beginning that a difficult task was ours in assuming the responsibility of the guardianship of the Juniors. The customary social functions were the main events of the first few weeks.

The Senior Class was organized and Mr. Martin was again chosen president. Owing to the fact that Mr. Martin left school to join the S. A. T. C., Miss Lewis, who was vice-president, became president.

During the time of the influenza epidemic in October, the main question of the day at school was, "Do you suppose school will close?" School did close, and our enforced vacation was a lengthy one.

When we resumed our school tasks, we found them rather difficult. The Saturday sessions were a strain on the Faculty and students alike. The unexpected Christmas vacation was very much appreciated, and we came back to school ready to surmount all obstacles and plod steadily ahead.

Mid-years were much easier than we expected. We attributed this to the thoughtfulness and consideration of the Faculty. The Mid-year Dance, held on February twenty-first was a very successful affair and an occasion long to be remembered.

After this social event, one day seemed to glide imperceptibly into the other, and the last few weeks of school were upon us before we noticed the swift passing of time.

Before bringing our History to a close, let us extend to the Faculty, and our Alma Mater, in consideration of the kindness and help we have received, the sincere gratitude of the members of the Class of 1919.

During the two years that we have worked together as classmates, many friendships have been formed, which we trust will be lasting.

In concluding, let us say in all sincerity, that

"Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of our happy Normal Days,
Seemeth the best of all.

E. NYE.

President's Address

Members of the Faculty, Classmates and Friends:

At this time we, the members of the Class of 1919, have gathered to leave with you our parting thoughts for this is our Class Day. It signifies that we are to enter a field of work, of responsibility, and of care, no longer resting on the guidance of those who during our two years here have led us onward in the path of right and justice.

The time of our school days as pupils is over, for the onward march of time is not halted for the pleasure or convenience of mortals, neither to allow the correction of errors nor yet to contemplate the success achieved during these days. We act, and having acted, are caught in the mighty swell and carried on, we know not where.

We must now turn our attention to the larger realms of life which we shall find are like the day; each morning breaks full of hope and promise; the sun mounts high and gallops fast to the meridian, and hastens on to setting. The evening comes and then the night. At the best our life is but a brief span and barely affords us time to prepare for its duties ere the curtain falls and our probation is over.

As we take up our new tasks, I feel sure that each and everyone will do to the best of his ability and bring all attempts toward success.

Dr. Haeckins and Members of the Faculty:

To you we owe far more than simple words can express, but at this time we are given an opportunity to acknowledge in a small way, what you have been to us. When the lessons seemed difficult and far beyond our power and the days were filled with uncertainty, your kind words, thoughtfulness and careful instruction have convinced us that you are our best friends and may we in a humble way express our thanks and gratitude and may each succeeding year bring glory, health and happiness to your lives.

CLASSMATES

"We have met and kindness round us
Hath a wreath of beauty twined;
Peace and glad good-will have bound us
Heart to heart and mind to mind.

Words of greeting have been spoken,
Hands been clasped as oft before;
Be this friendship long unbroken,
Bright the years for each in store."

LOUISE LEWIS.

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Class Poem

The commencement of life lies before us,
Duty confronts us today;
But golden memories will linger
When life's glamor has flitted away.

Soon we will start on life's voyage,
O'er an ocean vast and unknown;
We must guide the courses of others,
Who, about, in their passage are blown.

Life is not filled with mere pleasure,
Dame Fortune will oft wear a frown;
But sweet are adversity's uses,
For after the cross—there's a crown.

O grant that the future fond memories,
A message of comfort will bring,
When we think of these days that are passing
And the friendships we've formed in life's spring.

In memory of our Alma Mater,
Whose precepts we'll ever revere;
Let us pledge a full measure of service,
And be faithful through each coming year.

MARGARET M. TRACY.

Class Oration

THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF CIVILIZATION

The master-word today of the free peoples of the world, and of the peoples struggling to be free, is democracy. It means different things to different minds; and in no mind does it mean anything simple or definite. That it is nevertheless a word to conjure with, a word that has in this war been as potent as an army with banners, is due not so much to its intrinsic power as to its association with tremendous facts; facts accomplished and facts in the course of being accomplished. The great career of our mighty Republic; the steady spread of its example over almost every land in the Old World and the New; the ferment in the Central Empires themselves, the last stronghold of autocracy; the association which this war has produced of the idea of autocracy with that of inhumanity and bad faith, and of the idea of democracy with that of honor and humane progress—all this has added wonderfully to the effectiveness of the word democracy, and its power was great to begin with.

The masses undoubtedly think of democracy merely as a form of government, the rule of the "people." Students of society, however, know that this is only one aspect of democracy and that democracy is to be understood only as a form of social life; that the political phases of democracy rest upon social and moral foundations much deeper than mere governmental forms. Even when conceived as "the rule of the people," the question always remains, "Who are the people?" This question has been answered so variously from age to age that the answers summarize the whole history and trend of democracy.

In ancient Greece the "people" were a master class imposing their authority as a sovereign group upon a population of which from one-half to four-fifths were slaves, and another very considerable fraction without citizenship rights. From the modern point of view Greek democracies, so-called, were not democracies at all, but were despotic societies, ruled by a very small oligarchic or aristocratic class. Throughout our own history, indeed, the definition of who constitutes the people has been so narrow that only a very small fraction of our population has had any actual share in the work of government. Slaves were excluded from our conception of the "people" until the Civil War, and women until very recent times.

On the other hand, among some existing savage and barbarous peoples there were democracies in which the "people" included all the adults recognized as belonging to a particular group. In these primitive democracies such as those of many North American Indian tribes, clan and tribal assemblies or councils decided all matters pertaining to the group as a whole; and in such assemblies not only the men, but also the women, had a voice as a rule. There were two outstanding features of these primitive democracies, however, which sharply differentiate them from democracy as we think of it in the modern world. Majority rule was practically unknown among them but every decision which they reached regarding group action had to be a practically unanimous decision. This rule of unanimity made the primitive democracy static, non-progressive, or at least very slow to make changes. Hence the second feature of their life which differs from ours was that democratic control with them was almost wholly the control of custom and tradition. Intelligence, after all, had a very small part to play in such habit-ridden communities.

Modern democracy is accordingly something quite unlike its classic and primitive prototypes. Democracy in classic antiquity was really aristocracy or oligarchy; in primitive times it was simply the rule of custom in a group of sympathetically like-minded individuals. Unlike ancient democracy, modern democracy is unwilling to recognize any subject or servile class, or indeed any class of adults who are excluded from political privileges. It rests rather upon the recognition of the potentially equal social worth of all individuals. Unlike primitive democracy, modern democracy does not rest upon the customary similarity of habits, feelings and ideas of the group, but aspires rather to rest upon the rational, intelligently formed judgment of every normal adult individual in the group. It is a serious error to confuse the various types of social life and of government to which the term "democracy" has been applied. Modern democracy, it is evident, is a wholly new stage of social evolution, and may truly be called "the great adventure" of our civilization.

The various stages in the evolution of social control will make plain to us the nature of modern democracy, and why it is the great adventure of the modern world. A review of these stages will show, in other words, the exact significance and nature of modern democracy in relation to social evolution. The lowest form of social control of which we know is that which rests upon instinct. Such social control, if such we may call it, is characteristic of animal groups. But the lowest human groups of which we have knowledge show a very different type of control—that of habit, custom and tradition. All existing savage communities of mankind show this type of control and we have every reason to believe that it represents the primitive human social condition. It is the type of social control which we find in the primitive democracies just mentioned. The

control exercised by them was through the sympathetic and formal like-mindedness which rested largely upon the sentiment of kinship; and hence the organization of such primitive democracies was of the simplest sort.

A third form of social control is that in which the control is exercised by the despotic power of a small group of individuals over a larger group. This control sprang from the conquest of one group by another. After the conquest and subjugation of one group by another, of necessity, some sort of machinery of government had to be elaborated in order to establish and maintain the unity of the whole population. Centralized control in the hands of definite authorities became inevitable. Under such circumstances the war chief usually developed into a king, with his authority more or less limited, however, by the council of the conquering tribe. In many cases despotic form of monarchic government gradually developed; but in some groups the tradition that the freemen of the conquering tribe were the source of authority persisted, and after the subjugated elements had become reconciled to their position as slaves, the former drove out their kings and distributed authority again democratically among themselves. Thus arose the "democracies" of classic antiquity. They were democratic only with reference to the members of the conquering class. In essence, however, they were despotic societies, since the ruling class maintained its authority and the unity of the whole population through a fear-inspired obedience. Their utter unlikeness to modern democracy is evident.

Within the last one hundred years or so a fourth and higher type of social control has been gradually emerging in the most advanced nations of western civilization—a type of control in which the unity of the group is secured, not through custom and tradition based upon the sentiment of kinship, nor through coercive authority, but through the intelligent purpose and will of the whole population. We may call this new type of social control "free society" in contrast with the custom-ruled and the despotic societies of the past. This is modern democracy. In essence it is a form of social control in which the untrammelled opinion and will of every adult member of the group enters into the determination of the group behavior. It is much more, therefore, than a form of the state or of government.

It is now evident why democracy, in the modern sense, is at once the hope and the great adventure of our race. It is the hope of mankind because it is to groups what self-determination and self-realization are for the individual. It represents, if it can be successfully achieved, nothing less than the final phase of social control and of political evolution, the goal toward which all human history has been striving. On the other hand, it is an adventure, because its success obviously depends upon the possibility of vast masses of men forming rational opinions and executing rational decisions as a group.

Democratic society, in other words, must find a means of selecting among all the possible opinions which the members of a large group may develop the most rational opinion and of basing group decision and group action thereon. Modern democracy depends, therefore, upon free thought, free public discussion, a free press, free assemblage, and free selection of public policies and public leaders; for if we do not have free thought and free public discussion before a policy is entered upon, we cannot have that process of mutual education by which the most rational ideas are brought to prevail.

It is evident that democracy, in order to be intelligent must devote itself to the work of training social and political leaders as well as the general diffusion among the masses of social and political information, and modern democracy has evidently not yet fully awakened to the importance of this matter of training its leaders. With trained leaders, and with the masses at large trained to take the social point of view, and to work cooperatively with their fellows, there is no reason why democratic societies should not be as efficient as autocratic societies. Indeed, they will be more efficient—just as the football team in which every member of the team knows so well how to play his part that he does not need to wait for directions from his captain is more efficient than the team in which every member waits upon direction from above before he plays his part.

This house of life which we have inherited from our forefathers must indeed be built larger and fairer, if it is to stand; and we shall prove but unworthy descendants, if we have not grown with the growth of years and added unto it. The benighted and enslaved peoples of Germany will never learn from us the beauty of democracy until we, who have had the privilege so long, realize it more fully ourselves. The world will not be safe for democracy until democracy is safe within the minds of the great mass of men, in clearer vision than has ever yet been attained.

MARJORIE A. LOCKE.

Charge to the Juniors

To the Juniors of the Plattsburgh State Normal School:

In behalf of the Class of 1919, it is altogether fitting and proper that I should make a few parting remarks to you in contemplation of the past year.

Now, it is well understood, that the mind never attains to great intellectual strength without first forming a habit of reflection. So turn your minds back a while, and from the material you find in your memories, I will recall a picture for you.

Early in the autumn of last year, when my colleagues and I returned to Plattsburgh, to again take up our training, we found darting in and out of our quiet and peaceful classrooms, such strange beings that we grew anxious to know what they were. Someone quickly solved the problem, by saying that a zoological exhibition had escaped from the County Fair, then in progress, and had taken flight to the Normal School. However true that was, no one ever called for them and here they remained. What they were for no one seemed to know, so a delegation from our class went to Professor Hudson and asked him if they were animals turned loose among us for observational work in Nature Study. He replied, "Indeed, no"; and added that he had never made a practice of observing the freaks of Nature, but just the regular species. This humble crowd turned out to be the Junior Class.

Juniors! can you appreciate the situation that presented itself to us? How we should have liked to draw our robes close about us and escape from contact with such irresponsible beings as you were. But we have never been known to shirk our duty and we rose most magnificently to this situation.

When a Junior, lately dismissed from class, came hounding down the stairs, jostling ink bottles in one hand and carrying assorted paraphernalia in the other, endangering the lives of all who passed that way, a Senior laid a hand upon the student's shoulder and said, "A little softer there, if it's all the same to you."

One morning, we Seniors, by common consent, proudly floated our class colors, the royal purple and gold. It was a new idea to you Juniors and "consternation" was clearly written on all your faces. To get them and possess them, to have them for your very own, called forth that smoldering instinct of barbarism again. A war-cry, a howl, a rushing attack, not on us as a whole, but only when one Senior detained a little could be separated from the rest, and then—I prefer not to describe the details for I am sure they are not highly creditable to you; and as

it is my object here to recall your many, many shortcomings, only that you may see your folly and repair your ways, I shall not further expose your shame.

After practically every examination during the year, it has been necessary for us to actually use terms of threat to abate the weeping and wailing, and several times the report came in that the Normal School had been swept away by a cloudburst. After much helpful hinting on our part, you finally assembled for a class meeting, at which the principal point at stake was the election of officers. We really congratulate you on your selection considering the fact that you had such poor material from which to choose. And when they are all about on the same level it is quite a proposition. Your president, a little confused and bewildered with the dignity of his position, the like of which he had never held before, completely forgot that a properly organized class should have class colors and sometimes a motto. But after more helpful suggestions from the Seniors, those ever-watchful guardians, you managed to have a series of meetings all for the same purpose, namely the selection of colors. But secrecy was beyond you, for you unconsciously published the news to your Senior friends, a perfectly natural thing for irresponsible people to do. We were deeply grieved, little friends, to discover that bravery possessed by *most* animals roaming at large, was lacking in *your* makeup. The Red, White and Blue was surely a safe selection.

A feeling of sadness creeps o'er us as we look into your blank faces, faces absolutely devoid of any expression, realizing as we do that tomorrow you must steer out to sea, hopeless derelicts upon the tossing waves. But, surely, our efforts have not been wholly in vain, for the good example we have set for you cannot fail to bring some good results.

Therefore, I do hereby charge you to hold in fond and loving remembrance your worthy guardians. If any particular difficulty ever confronts you, stop and calmly think, "What would a member of the Class of 1919 do?"

LUCY BARTHOLOMEW.

Reply to the Seniors

Though it is the last day that our two classes will be together, we Juniors feel we should prove that, though you may think you have succeeded in bluffing the faculty, you have not accomplished this same end with us. Can it be possible that you are willing to accept your diplomas after you have gone through P. S. N. S. in this manner?

Can you remember our first day in P. S. N. S. when you pretended to advise us about the various members of the faculty, Bennie, Tommie, Daddy and the others? Do you remember the descriptions you gave us of the methods you used in getting in soft "so to speak," with the faculty, in general, and these individually?

Think back to the day when you came to school wearing colors which every school for miles around had chosen for its very own. Purple and gold! Purple for six months' mourning for the sins of your junior year, golden yellow for your fear and dread of the coming year. Do you remember during the course of the morning when you found that the Juniors were having such fine success with their rush that you felt it necessary to employ some one as messenger to Dr. Hawkins. What was the result? Did Dr. Hawkins scold the Juniors? Indeed not. Instead, he lectured the Seniors so severely that whenever your thoughts carry you back to that morning, your knees go knock, knock. What does this prove? To us it proves that we are the class in the eyes of the faculty.

Three weeks later, the Junior Class held its first meeting. What did you Seniors stoop to do? Well, you posted sentinels at all the doors where it would be possible to overhear any or all business transacted. How foolish you proved yourself in your ridicule of our choice of class colors. That this was an excellent choice we can easily show to you. The red for our exceptional brightness, already vouched for by the faculty. The white for innocence of all wrong done during the year (such as throwing garbage on Dr. Kitchell's floor); and the blue for loyalty to each member of the faculty, for we never spoke of them as Bennie, Daddy, Tommy and Toddy.

Oh! those fateful days when you had charge of classes during Mr. Todd's absence. What was the result of Mr. Thompson's inopportune appearance in the typewriting room? You immediately questioned the Juniors regarding the parts of the machine, of which you were sure they were acquainted. How you jumped with joy, upon his leaving the room. What did you do, but all but beg of us on your bended knees not to question you in shorthand. What scornful looks we received when we were displeased with our marks and attempted to tell Mr. Todd.

We should like to ask a question or two about teaching the commercial arithmetic in high school. Is it good policy to interview your students before class and ask them for explanations for that day's lesson, and also about taking the illustrative problems given in the book and simply change the figures so that it is not necessary to work the problems in order to get the method?

Aren't girls who are Seniors in a normal school supposed to be above such childish actions as turning to see the visitor when the teacher escorts him into the room? We thought so but we found we were mistaken. For proof of that we should suggest that you visit accounting class shortly before mid-year, when so many of the alumni were to be seen about the school—especially those honorably discharged.

Seniors, we suggest that when you become high school teachers if you are not able to remember what class recites next, that you make out your program and place it on your desk where you will be able to see it and so be sure to have in mind when shorthand recites, and not to be running in and exclaiming, "Oh! I'm in the wrong room."

"Who answers next in accounting?" That is a question that we Juniors wondered at, for it is always to be heard wherever there may be a group of commercial Seniors. We wish someone would explain this to us for we understood that one was supposed to prepare the whole lesson not just the question which he or she might be called on to explain.

We know that Mr. Correll wondered why you persisted in not handing back our penmanship papers. Mr. Correll, we know the reason. They were afraid that if they did, we should question them in other classes.

Although you have been such terrible people all hope for your future is not lost. Shakespeare himself almost knew that such a class as yours was coming to school here at Plattsburgh and has written the following passage exclusively for you:

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

Take heed now and there is no doubt but that you will in the end (after much hard strife) be victorious, and then say, "Well those Juniors were certainly right about us."

Though we have accused you, this way, down in our hearts we feel differently toward you. To be honest with you we hate to see you go. But always remember Seniors, that if you had never been Juniors you surely would not have been Seniors. We bid you farewell and wish you the best of luck.

JOHN J. WHALEN.

Class Prophecy

Today as I was walking in a dim old forest where trees bend low and cast a deep shade, my mind wandered back to my days at the Normal School. It is just twenty years ago that the Class of 1919 left her doors forever. While thus engrossed in thought, I suddenly saw a bright vista of light—an opening—a clearing—down upon which the sun cast its glowing rays. What a marvelous sight greeted my eyes—a most beautiful garden of roses lay before me!

I stepped closer and examined the exquisite flowers. It was indeed strange that there were exactly forty-five. I again thought of June, 1919, as there were just forty-five in our class. I gathered every blossom, sweet memories of the past. Their petals have a message which I shall share with you.

The first rose tells us of our valedictorian.

Sing a song of History,
Economics, Ed. and Math.;
Four and twenty talents
Marjorie surely hath.
When reports were opened,
Rejoicing there would be,
For she'd made a reputation
With all the Faculty.

Marjorie now occupies Mr. Benjamin Sinclair's seat in the History Department of the Plattsburgh State Normal School.

Next we learn something about our salutatorian—Ethel Derway is a brilliant criminal lawyer in New York and will no doubt be nominated for District Attorney at the next election. Her ready speech in P. S. N. S. helped to prepare her for her life's work.

I wonder why that rose is trying to look so dignified? Why, it says that Louise Lewis is one of the keepers at the St. Lawrence State Hospital. Louise showed such good discipline over the Senior Class that she readily obtained a position in the Asylum.

This is not surprising. Margaret Tracy is the author of a helpful little book entitled, "How to Learn History Without Studying It."

I wonder what this beautiful rose has to say? It tells us that Agnes Bowe is fashion editor and advisor on the staff of the *Keesville Elite*.

This floral message tells us that Marjorie Locke and Violet Garrent have opened a dancing studio at Ausable Chasm, where their famous folk dances attract more visitors than the Chasm itself.

What a surprise! Genevieve Gonyea is successor of Theda Bara as a vampire. Her recent appearance with *Perthival* as her leading man set all Plattshurgh talking. (There has been a reconciliation, you know.)

Isn't this strange? Frances Wilcott is the fat lady in Barnum and Bailey's Three-Ring Circus. We always thought that Frances would gain in weight after she left the Normal School.

This is quite a piece of news. Ethel Comins is the head waiter at Hanna's, and it is rumored that her employer is seriously thinking of permitting her, in the near future, to make pancakes in the front window, because of her very capable and efficient services. Ethel gained fame in Alpha Kappa Phi for being on every refreshment committee.

This is indeed strange. Margaret Amstlen is a missionary in the wilds of Africa!

Oh! just listen to this. Mae McDowell is the First Lady of the Land, her stately beauty, together with her many social graces, fit her exceptionally well for this exalted position.

I cannot believe this about Mildred Gordon.

Of body and visage, lean and lank,
A diver great is she,
Who cleaves the waves of the swimming tank
In joy and festive glee.

Mildred has won much fame as a second Annette Kellerman.

What a surprise! Adeline Wallace now owns the Beechmint Gum Factory, where she can chew as much gum as she wishes without anyone's calling her down.

Can this be true? Lucille Bonner is running a "Home of Rest for Old Maids" who seek shelter therein after their strenuous efforts in pursuit of a husband.

Alma Gray and Helen Donnelly are two of the prominent inmates of Miss Bonner's aforementioned "Home of Rest." They are slowly recuperating from their huge disappointments in not winning husbands, but hope to renew their efforts very shortly.

"One can never tell," the old saying goes, and I quite agree. This message says that Freddie Martin is a loyal member of the Salvation Army and can be heard speaking every night on Clinton Street. Well, Freddie was always suspected of being religiously inclined, but I do believe Marjorie Locke still lives on Clinton Street, even though her place of business is at Ausable Chasm.

Well, I never dreamed of this! Dora Weinstein has sung her way up in the world and is now contralto soloist at the Metropolitan Opera House.

This is quite logical. Doris Honsinger has perfected a device whereby the user may rise and get to school on time without effort. Doris is still at T. C. A., and spends every week-end on her estate at Chazy. If she doesn't feel like it, she never appears on Monday morning at Poultney.

Will wonders ever cease? Charles Robart is Professor of Latitude and Longitude in the Peasleeville High School. Professor Robart can reel off at a moment's notice the area of any country on the face of the globe.

I always thought Alberta Rovelie possessed an exceptionally large amount of Yankee genius. She is the manufacturer of a patent rouge. She is also the author of a book on "How to Make Dimples."

Such news—Little Miss Snye is the Gym Instructor in P. S. N. S., having succeeded Miss O'Brien, who now devotes her sole time to hearing the essays of the large Senior classes.

Is this surprising? Jeanne Tannenbaum, after a course in Froebel's School, went to Chicago, where she has gradually risen to the position of Supervisor of Kindergarten and Children's Play Grounds. She has secured the degrees of B. A., M. A., P. Q. D., P. Q. R. S. T., and B. S.; and C. P. A. for her excellent work in Accounting.

How unusual is this message! Lucy Bartholemew possesses a new recipe for disposing of superfluous fat. Her advice is, "Sell it to the soapman." It is said that she will soon be counted among the great financiers of the country through the sale of this recipe.

This beautiful rose tells us that Greta Howes has succeeded Miss Steele on the Normal School Faculty and is even more stern in kitchen discipline than the immaculate Miss Steele.

What does this blossom say about Clarence? He is a Mormon preacher of note, his eloquence and saintly looks having won him more fame than even Billy Sunday had. Incidentally, did you know that Clarence had twenty wives?

I wonder what this beautiful rose has to unfold. Oh! Helen Hawkins is preceptress of a Reformatory School in *Charlevoix, Michigan*, and it says that especial emphasis is put on the study of zoology. The school boasts of a fairly large-sized zoo—and giraffes predominate. What are those words at the bottom of this petal? Oh! I see, "There's a Reason."

Oh! indeed. Van Nye is President of the First National Bank of Ansable Forks. As a side line, Evangeline writes poems, her specialty being "Carrolls."

This doesn't sound logical. Frances Wilkins has given up her position in Stackpole's Shoe Store and has just accepted a responsible position as head of a new column in *Every Week*, namely, "Advice to the Lovelorn."

Historically speaking, this is correct. Hazel Morford is living a very secluded life far back from civilization. The cause of this unexpected state of affairs is that she so distorted her face by continuous smiling that she refused to mingle with the outside world.

It isn't at all surprising to find out that Rae Baker has married and settled down to the life of a housewife.

Oh! How funny. Margaret Murray is a sandwich-woman, walking up and down Margaret Street so that she can see all the classical soldier boys.

This rose is so dainty. Well, no wonder. It says that Ada Cameron is successor to Lady Duff-Gordon as a designer of fancy dresses for P. S. N. S. students. Ada always said she would make a better dressmaker than school teacher.

Oh! isn't this tiny bud sweet! What is its message?

"And still the wonder grew,

That one small head could carry all she knew?"

Letitia Provost succeeded Miss Barker as preceptress of the downtown High.

This is just what we all would expect. Margaret Renison is the most persuasive and argumentative saleswoman of all those who represent Webster's "General History of Commerce." Mr. Sinclair recommended her for this lofty position because of her great merit in History of Commerce class.

Maudie Durgan, Florence McKenzie and Freddie Day are conducting a sanatorium for the feeble-minded. They never studied while attending P. S. N. S. Maudie has just published a revised edition of "St. Elmo." Be sure to secure a copy.

Weltha Nichols is artist model for Hazel Downes. One of Hazel's pictures was shown recently on the cover of the *Literary Digest*.

Helen Meagher is the leading woman physician in New York City and is noted for her skill as a brain specialist.

This beautiful flower tells us that Julia Kaplan became discouraged with teaching and studied the art of nursing. Now she is engaged by the City of Plattsburgh to exterminate the germ of "Firstloveritis," which was so prevalent in P. S. N. S. in our day.

This last tall flower nods its head as if it had an important message to tell. Well, of all things. Hilda Nichols is head of the Immigration Bureau, having secured her position upon Mr. Sinclair's recommendation because she "discussed the topic of immigration" so well one day in History of Commerce class. The Juniors had better keep in mind that Mr. Sinclair remembers your work in History of Commerce exceedingly well, especially when he has positions to offer.

My basket is empty. Tomorrow I shall return to my classes with the message of the roses in my heart.

MADELINE HITZ.

Last Will and Testament

We, the Class of 1919, of the State Normal School, City of Plattsburgh, County of Clinton and State of New York, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make, ordain, publish and declare this, our last Will and Testament, in order as justly as may be, to distribute our interests in this school and in the world among succeeding classes.

That part of our interests which are known in law and recognized in the annals of our history as our property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal in this, our Will.

Our right to live, being but a life estate is not at our disposal, but these things excepted all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

First: We bequeath to our Faculty the joy of peaceful evenings. Each their own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood to enjoy without let or hinderance and without any incumbrance of care.

Second: We leave to the Juniors exclusively, but only for the term of their life at the Plattsburgh State Normal School, all and every, that portion of a haven known as "up the river." The flowers of the field, and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely, according to the customs of Juniors, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns, parasitic in their nature, caused by neglect of Accounting, Gregg and other worldly sins.

Third: We devise to Juniors the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And we leave the Juniors the long, long days at Plattsburgh State Normal School to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the nights and the moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject nevertheless to the rights thereafter given to Seniors.

Fourth: We also bequeath to the Juniors our dignity and cleverness, of which they have stood in awe, that they may long remember the Class of 1919.

Fifth: We grant them, a way to keep their colors secret. Also the front seats in History of Commerce to those unfortunates whose names will not permit them to sit far enough in the rear to bring their sewing.

Sixth: We will and bequeath to them a tank of oxygen, which they will find most useful in History of Education when being vigorously serenaded by the state lawn mower.

Seventh: That they may follow in our lustrous footsteps and not put a blot on the annals of history, we bequeath our standings in Economics, that they may have an honor roll.

Eighth: We do hereby individually and severally bequeath according to his or her merits;

To Miss Anna Rowles, we give a man for every social function during her Senior year.

To Mrs. Bertha Phoebe Stevenson, we give a ticket to the Pacific Coast, that she may join her better half.

To Miss Flora Davison and Miss Stella Hildreth, a speedometer, that they may not step the cinder path at too rapid a rate.

To Miss Catherine Weir, we give a box of Magic Yeast that she may rise with hopes that it will not "Turn(h)er" head.

To Miss Katherine Coffey, we devise a bottle of Straight's Nerve Tonic for her nervous terp, rament.

To Miss Julia Sheehan, we give a jar of Hind's Freckle Cream.

To Miss Hazel Parmeter, we leave all the bass notes on the piano in the Assembly Hall. Tune up, Hazel, K. Comins will help you.

To Miss Calla Coats, we bequeath a two weeks' outing in the Adirondacks, away from the pleadings of Dan Cupid.

To Miss Josephine Stewart, we will a set of law books to enable her to distinguish between murder in the first degree and breach of promise.

To Miss Mary Thompson, we give a book in which to keep her dates, that she may not lose track of any of them.

To Miss Gladys McCarthy, we will and bequeath three votes for the valedictory in 1920 and a bunch of fire crackers to celebrate her victory.

To Miss Gertrude Powers and Miss Marion Baker, we give a case of "Save the Baby," as we understand they enjoy so much poor health.

To Miss Janet Prime, we leave something for her worried expression and a corner in Miss Carroll's heart.

To Miss Lucille Gilliland, we give a bumper so that she may not endanger the lives of others in her sudden flights.

To Miss Ruth Scribner and Miss Ruth Fifield, we will a box of powder that will entirely conceal their blushes.

To Miss Eunice Bradley and Miss Mary Boylan, we give the right to show some signs of life.

To Miss Cassie Sansville and Miss Kathryn Koerber, we give the power to recognize sweet voices of Seniors on the telephone from those of their demure classmates that they may never again disclose such secrets as their class colors.

To Miss Gertrude Benedict and Miss Mildred Nutter, we bequeath a chance, that they may render their valuable services to the great god Pep.

To Miss Mildred Signor, we demise an apartment on the fourth floor at school to enable her to devote more of her time to her lessons.

To Miss Catherine Navin, we grant the privilege of getting valuable information on "how to get fat quick" from Adeline Wallace.

To Sylvia Borrassa, we give a little study in "French."

To Miss Marelda Duby, we give a pass to go home every week end so she won't be lonesome.

To Miss Hazel Ayers, we bequeath Dr. Kitchell's appreciation of music.

To Miss Esther Carl and Miss Pearl Giles, we give a bottle of soothing syrup to quiet their terrible tempers and the exclusive right to laugh whenever they see fit.

To Miss Daisy Cisco, we leave a "flivver" that she may "Seymour" of the country.

To Miss Frances Bush, we leave a little haven in which to stroll without being molested by the night watchman.

To Miss Sadie Kauffman, we will a quilting frame so she may stretch herself a little taller.

To Mr. John Crowley, we give a seat near the girls.

To Miss Adah Brown and Miss Olive Lindy, who are satisfied with a little, we give the privilege of talking outside of school hours.

To Miss Mary Parrott, we give a whistle and hope she will use it with great care.

To Miss Katherine Thompson, we bequeath the dart from Dan Cupid's bow which laid her low.

To Miss Elsa Parks, we give the pleasure of writing six essays under Mr. Sinclair.

To Miss Katherine Baxter, Irene Castle's rival, we demise an unused sewing room in which to exhibit the latest "stunts" in dancing.

To Miss Catherine Sancomb, we give three bottles of "cheer up extract."

To Mr. John JOSIE Whalen, whose winsome smile, bewitching eyes, and charming grace is celebrated with great discounts in the *Sears & Roebuck's Weekly*, we bequeath a leather bow and arrow which we trust he will frequently use against the Gentler Sex.

To Miss Lettie Stafford, we bequeath a private telephone that she may more easily carry on the business of her Matrimonial Agency.

To Miss Dorothy Maynard and Miss Margaret Healey, we bequeath the equal chance of succeeding Theda Bara as the world's greatest vampire.

To Miss Gladys Benedict, we bequeath a pair of goggles to be worn over her glasses, as we are afraid she will spoil her eyes looking over the tops of them.

To Miss Angelina Dempsey, we give a new violin case to carry her precious in.

To Dr. Henshaw, we leave a lock box for his lunch that he may never again undergo the thrilling experience of loosing it.

To Mr. Sinclair, we leave someone who will answer his questions.

To Dr. Kitchell, we bequeath a season's ticket to the Soldiers' Club.

To Mr. Todd, we give a bottle of smelling salts to drive away the sand man in assembly.

To Miss Malloy, we will a laddie in khaki.

To Miss Andrews, we give a few more periods for drawing.

Lastly, we do bequeath to the Faculty and all the students our Class gift, given jointly last year by our Class and the Class of 1918.

May each fleeting hour, which its dial records for each and every one, hold more of their heart's desires.

To the Faculty, we also give our greatest thanks and appreciation for their kindness, thoughtfulness, patience and goodwill.

We devise to each their imaginary world with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky; the red roses by the wall; the bloom of the hawthorne; the sweet strains of music and all else by which they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their lives.

Furthermore, we hereby appoint Dr. Geo. K. Hawkins, Principal of the Plattsburgh State Normal School, executor of this, our last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all former wills made by us.

In witness whereof, we, the undersigned, have hereunto subscribed our names this nineteenth day of June in the year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred Nineteen.

CLASS OF 1919, *Testator.*

Per L. MAE MACDOWELL.

Witnesses:

A. S. SEMBLY,

O. K. FLOOR,

Mementos

- M. Amsden—This book in which to keep all historic dates and any others she may wish.
- A. Bowe—This insurance policy.
- R. Baker—This book on "Learn Elocution," edited by Mr. Shallies.
- L. Bartholomew—This can to can her laugh and this rope to tie her down.
- A. Cameron—A bottle of medicine to cure her of her worries.
- E. Comins—A History of Education to keep her in touch with Dr. Henshaw.
- M. Durgan—A ticket to Ohio.
- M. Flint—A medical case to remind her of the Medical Corps.
- V. Garrent—A pass through Accounting.
- A. Gray—This song, "Add a little bit to what you get and make it very long."
- C. Gadway—This girl. (An unknown personage during the past two years.)
- H. Hawkins—A package of animal crackers to feed the animals.
- M. Hitz—A pedometer to register the miles she walks each day and a speedometer to measure the speed.
- D. Honsinger—An alarm clock that she may always be on time.
- L. Lewis—A passport to Monte Carlo.
- M. Lock—A lead so as not to lose sight of Addie.
- M. MacDowell—A check for the week-ends. (Take it as you "Mae.")
- F. Martin—A cozy corner.
- H. Nichols—An extra pair of eyes so that she may look at her book and at Mr. Sinclair at the same time.
- M. Renison—A small bunch of lilies to remind her of her favorite song "Lily of the Valley."
- J. Tannenbaum—Another medal and another check in Accounting.
- C. Robart—This package of Johnson's Medicated Bandages. Bind these around your head to keep it from swelling any more.
- M. Tracy—This derrick to pull her out of "Myers."
- A. Wallace—A pair of dancing pumps which may come in handy when she trips the "light fantastic."
- D. Weinstein—A Philadelphia lawyer.
- A. Rovelle—A tan automobile.
- L. Bonner—These chest weights,
She loves these chest weights, she loves to hear them squeak,

She loves her dear gymnastic work, because it comes three
times a week.

F. Day—This lantern so that she may see her way by night.

E. Derway—This blower to blow when her friends do not do so.

H. Downs—This tin to use when she becomes a "Baker."

L. Finnessey—This yard stick to measure the inches she grows.

G. Gonyea—This flivver to bring her to town from the Turupike.

M. Gordon—This veil to hide her blushes.

G. Howes—These dates. We know you never had any so we give you these
to see how you would act.

F. McKenzie—This flashlight to light her way to school.

L. Provost—These forget-me-nots as tokens of the firm friendship and many
quarrels she had.

F. Snye—This book of trite sayings to give to her class.

E. Nye—A name plate to place her gentlemen's names on for we don't know
them all.

F. Wilkins—This rubber doll to stretch to make him longer. (We're in
"E(a)rnest.")

F. Wilcott—A dancing doll.

H. Donnelly—This song, "Long, Long Trail."

W. Nichols—This horn to "Blow."

H. Meagher—These letters to remind her of her Q. M. days.

MARGARET M. MURRAY.



Senior Class Song

TUNE: "*Till We Meet Again*"

I

There's a song in the halls of the Normal,
Each Junior has heard with a sigh,
As its sad echoes fall
On classroom and hall,
'Tis the ghost of the Seniors "Goodbye."

CHORUS

Smile the while you bid us all adieu,
When the years roll by we'll come to you,
To our Alma Mater true,
Wearing gold and purple, Juniors,
To remind us of the days of cheer;
When by accident our teachers beamed,
On us poor benighted creatures
Groping for the light.

II

Right gladly we welcome commencement,
And the pleasures that follow its wake;
But nineteen nineteen and its memories dear,
Will be hallowed for old times sake.

III

Then goodlye we must say to you Juniors,
As out in the cold world we stray;
For we're graduates now of P. S. N. S.
So must all take our part in the fray.

DORIS HONSINGER.

Ivy Oration

It will be but a short time before the last farewell is over and we will be setting out on our separate paths. Up to this time we have been traveling along the broad highway but now we have come to the parting of the ways.

We have looked forward to this day with eagerness, but now that it is here, we would fain keep it and not let it slip away into history. In spite of this parting which awakens a minor chord in our heart strings, we are happy because we are well started on our life work.

Our success in completing this course is due, in a large measure, to the encouragement and interest of the Faculty and to them we extend our sincere gratitude.

The friendships, which we have formed during these years, have made our tasks lighter and will be a treasure to us in the years to come.

The planting of the ivy is the last act which we as members of the Class of 1919 will ever perform. May this ivy take root and flourish through the years to come as we hope the spirit of our class will live—long after we have left our Alma Mater.

LETITIA K. PROVOST.

Salutatory

Teachers, Fellow Students, Friends:

We, the Senior Class, today are standing at the portals of a new life and you honoring us with your presence here, show an interest in our future as great as that which you have already evinced in our past.

Just a word may serve to recall our school life the past two years. True, some of the tasks seemed troublesome and difficult but time touches with rosy fingers the unpleasant reflections and leaves us in their place only happy memories.

As we step across the threshold of our Normal School life we find ourselves confronted by a world of service and opportunity that has seldom been offered to those who have chosen the teaching profession.

During the years we have spent in training ourselves, our nation has been put to the test of waging a great war and has not been found wanting in that science. Not only have our men proved themselves as great fighters as the heroes of old, not only have we spent our money lavishly for the accoutrements of war, but just as lavishly have we spent it for works of kindness and mercy in stricken lands, striving always to hold before the eyes of the world American ideals of justice and mercy. In the past few months our nation has been and is facing an even greater test, the test of the duties of peace and reconstruction. We as Americans have come to realize the great need for the education of our people in the ideals of our democracy if we wish to retain the high place we have achieved among nations.

This great task lies chiefly with those who have chosen the work of training the America of tomorrow. With us lies the possibility of instilling and inspiring ideals which will ever keep our Democracy worthy of emulation.

May we be true to the training of our Alma Mater. With a heart full of gratitude for that which she has given, we go forth to serve our country with ideals broad in their view, high in their aim and great in their possibilities.

In behalf of the Class of 1919 let me extend to you a most cordial welcome.

ETHEL J. DERWAY.

Valedictory

Classmates, Juniors, Friends and Teachers:

This is our Commencement Day, the day to which we have looked forward, hoped for and dreamed of. It symbolizes to us the end of one part of our journey down life's great highway; the first glance around a turn in the lane which we face eagerly, hopefully.

Fellow classmates, we do not know what lies before us but we can never forget the two short years just past. Tasks which seemed mountains, problems which we struggled vainly to solve, now seem of the smallest consequence. A fresh white page is open before us. On it, we must write our acts and deeds that will spell success or failure.

To you, Juniors, let us leave the sacred heritage of this school. May you guard its high ideals and principles and continue as you have always done throughout the brief year of our work together, to uphold the traditions of our Alma Mater.

Friends gathered here, we wish to tell you how your kind interest and sympathy have made our tasks lighter, our pleasures doubly pleasant, and our successes worth striving after. For what helps more than a word of encouragement, the interest and understanding of a true friend.

And now, last of all, we turn to you, our teachers. In parting, how can we express in a few simple words what your instruction, guidance and leadership has meant to us. Rather let us here resolve that by acts and deeds we will show how we have benefited by your unselfish work and kindly interest.

And so the time has come to say farewell, farewell to Classmates, Juniors, Friends and Teachers. May we go out into the world keeping true to ourselves, our associates and our dear Alma Mater.

MARJORIE L. FLINT.

❧ Fraternities ❧



Alpha Kappa Phi

The Agonian Fraternity was organized on April 4, 1892, at Geneseo, New York. The object of the Fraternity was to promote intellectual, moral and social improvement. The Delta Chapter, located at Plattsburgh, was granted a charter at the fourth annual convocation held at Mansfield, Pennsylvania, on October 15, 1895.

This year has been a happy one for the girls of Alpha Kappa Phi. A spirit of goodwill and unity of purpose have characterized our efforts.

The first social event of the year was a Patriotic Tea Dance held in the gymnasium on Wednesday, September 18th. The name suggests the decorations which were most effective.

The literary meetings and the various "rush" parties which followed varied the monotony of the daily routine.

One morning, a number of girls appeared wearing bows of gold, blue and white. These bows and the noticeable good spirits of the girls proclaimed the fact that we were welcoming a number of new sisters.

Our literary meetings have been interesting and enjoyable. One meeting took the form of a unique "Life History Party." As the past of each Agonian was laid bare before our startled eyes, we realized as never before, what wonderful people were in our midst. The combination Valentine and Lincoln's Birthday meeting is well worth mentioning. The program presented at this meeting was an illustration of the initiative and ability of our Junior Agonians.

At mid-year six girls became our sisters.

On April 4th the twenty-seventh anniversary of the organization of the Agonian Fraternity, the Faculty and our alumnae sisters living in town, were entertained with an informal reception held in Agonian Hall.

As a means of raising money for the refurnishing of our room, two cake and candy sales were held in the spring. Cake and candy were donated by the town alumnae, and due to this fact, the sales were very successful.

On Wednesday, May 7th, three delegates from Delta Chapter left for Geneseo to attend the Agonian Convocation which was held with Alpha Chapter.

As the year draws to a close, we think of our days in AKΦ with joy and with regret. Joy comes with the memories of the good times we have had—regret is a forerunner of the parting of the ways.

The history of Agonia has been bright in the past and we may look forward to a yet brighter future. As in years past, may Agonians in years to come be held closely together by the ties of Alpha Kappa Phi.

M. T.

A is for the aim toward which we're striving,
G is for the goodness that we own,
O is for the oath we took at joining,
N is for the name that's ours alone,
I is for the ivy, our life's symbol,
A ambition, N nobility;
Put them all together,
They spell AGONIAN,
A word that means the world to me.

M. MURRAY.







Clonian History

Nearly two years have passed since that first day in September, when we entered the Normal as Juniors. As I look back, I remember with what trepidation we began this new life, but it soon passed away as we came into contact with those whose Sister Clions we became.

Will we ever forget those first weeks filled with teas, receptions and "rush" parties, or the final pledge day and the morning that we so proudly wore the bow of gold and white?

These pleasures, however, could not go on indefinitely so we settled down to a long period of hard work, which was only broken by an occasional literary meeting and the short "rush" season at mid-year when a few more were welcomed to our circle.

Finally came the day to which we had been looking forward with both pain and pleasure—pain at the thought of parting from our Senior Clions, and pleasure at the thought of the vacation which we were to have.

The summer months quickly rolled by, and September was again at hand. Now we were no longer the shy Juniors, but dignified Seniors. Remembering the hopes and fears of our first entry into Normal, we tried to make it as pleasant as possible for the Juniors, who were suffering the first pangs of homesickness. This soon passed away with the gaieties of "rush" season. At last came pledge day, and again the little bows of gold and white appeared, but it was the much dreaded initiation which made them feel that they were really Clonians.

During the whole year we worked together in improving our room. Now one would hardly recognize it because of the transformation which was made by having the walls and floor done over, and new furnishings and hangings added.

Although there were many interesting events which took place during the year, there are a few which stand out above all the others. Among these were the Card Party given by the Alumni, the entertainment presented at the Soldiers' Club, and repeated at the Red Cross House at the Post, and last but not least, Convocation which was held the eighth, ninth and tenth of May. This, like all gatherings of its kind, proved to be a wonderful help and inspiration to us. Our consins, the Agonians, gave us a formal reception, and the Alumni an automobile trip. At this time, we also held a banquet at the Witherill, a tea in

our Clio Room, and one at the Young Women's League, and an informal dance in the Normal Gymnasium.

Now, our Normal School days are coming to an end, and soon we must part, but wherever we may be, let us still be true to Clio.

M. G.





The Normal Club

The Normal Club members possess that art of being able to entertain people so that they feel at home.

This fact was demonstrated when the first party of the season was held at the Club House during the first week of school. At this pleasant gathering, the new girls began to feel that they were not mere outsiders looking on at the fun but were in fact within the charmed circle of fun makers.

At the Fall Rally which was given by all the Clubs of the Young Women's League early in October, the Normal Club gave as its stunt a representation of the Seven Ages of Woman.

We have had some interesting meetings. Our Thanksgiving party was appropriately named. At this party we learned what each member, as well as the whole world, had to be thankful for.

A Kiddie Party was another enjoyable "affair" that was given by the Club. Who could believe that the serious, sober-minded Normal students could cast aside their dignity and carry out the idea suggested in the lines,

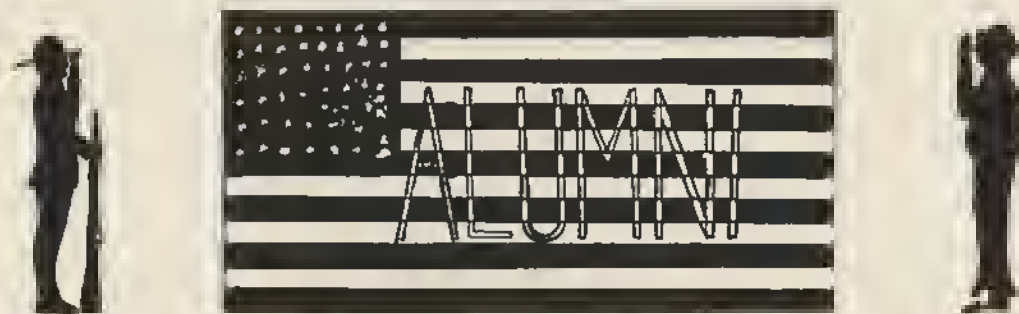
"Backward, turn backward, oh, Time, in thy flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight."

Our masquerade party was certainly democratic. Stately Colonial dames mingled with old-time mummies and Joan of Arc seemed to be quite interested in Charlie Chaplin.

The annual banquet of the Y. W. L., which was held at the City Hall was a real "treat" to those who attended it. It was a gathering of all the Clubs and the Normal Club members were out in full force with their colors and yells.

While the interest in the Club has not been as strong as we might wish, nevertheless, we who have enjoyed the good times that the Club has offered feel that the memories of our happy Club days will afford real pleasure in the years to come.

HILDA NICHOLS.



The following alumnae have served their country in

RED CROSS WORK

Mulholland, Beatrice
Sharrer, Margaret
Shea, Julia
Winnie, Grace

GOVERNMENT WORK

D'Arcy, Margaret
Darrah, Hazel
Gill, Mary
Graham, Loretta
Jacques, Mae
Smith, Sara

Miss Julia Shay, who is with the American Red Cross overseas, is now in Rome, Italy.

Lient. Ivan Edwards has just returned to his home in Burlington, Vt., from overseas.

Harold Riggs, of the Class of 1913, died in France of influenza and pneumonia.

Miss Mildred Hill, a graduate of the Class of 1918, has successfully recovered from an operation undergone at the Champlain Valley Hospital.

BIRTHS

Wray—To Lient. and Mrs. Earl Ross Wray (née Mary Adams) a son, Russell Adams Wray.

Potter—To Mr. and Mrs. Carl Potter (née Maude Clark) a son.

La Fleur—To Mr. and Mrs. Leon La Fleur a daughter.

MARRIAGE

Fennaughty-Alexander. Two graduates of the Class of 1917, H. Walter Fennaughty and Ruth Alexander, were married within the last year.

Helen Bond

1918

Bessie Anderson

1919

Catherine Hodges Carter

1919

Hazel Graves Hudson

1919

Harold Riggs

1919

Our Greatest Honor List

Wm. H. Emmons (1st Lieut.)	Army	1907
Harold S. Lasell (1st Lieut.)	Army	1908
Wm. R. Sperling (2nd Lieut.)	Army	1912
Elizabeth M. Oothondt	Navy	1913
Harold A. Riggs	Army	1913
Francis E. Chanvin	Army	1915
Emmett T. Corrigan	Army	1915
Arthur A. Erlandson	Army	1915
Chas. Farnsworth (1st Lieut.)	Army	1915
Clarence Gnthrie (1st Lieut.)	Army	1915
Alvin Barton	Army	1916
Robt. J. Hodgins	Army	1916
Harry T. Kilburn	Army	1916
Wm. Stanley Keller	Army	1916
Henry W. McCurry	Army	1916
Louis A. McKinney	Army	1916
John M. Savage	Army	1916
Fay O. Allen	Army	1917
David Byron Brady	Army	1917
Patrick H. Cogan	Army	1917
Leo S. Denicore	Army	1917
Ivan E. Edwards (Lieut.)	Army	1917
Allen H. Hall	Army	1917
Benj. R. Haynes	Army	1917
Leo S. Kornhauser	Army	1917
Roy R. Rumpff (2nd Lieut.)	Army	1917
Wm. H. Smith	Army	1917
Jehial C. Warren	Navy	1917
Carl R. Myers	Army	1918
Abraham Wolfe	Army	1918
Frederic H. Martin	Army	1919
Charles P. Robart	Army	1919

Hints on Spelling

Write "similar" and not "similiar,"—
Perversion only too familiar!
"I lead my class last year" might doubt awaken:
Write "led," and leave your credit still unshaken.

End "superintendent" with d E N T,
Or slim your chances for a school will be,
Unless your application, in its cycle,
Finds out a man who can't spell his own title.

Some school men to "Professor" are averse
As title, but "Proffessor" is still worse;
And save to ignorance invincible
A high school head is not a "principle."

Never, in haste, "except" an invitation;
"Accept" you may, with prudent hesitation.
Verbal reply is safest, if there's hurry:
Mumble "ucept," and you've no need to worry.

"A cordial invitation" may read well,
But "cordial" is considered far more swell;
Though with skilled typists, as one can't deny,
'Tis more the fashion to print U for I.

"Affect," "effect," "dissolve," and "disappoint,"
Are plagues in every education-joint;
Look out for them when you begin to teach;
Beware too of those pitfalls, "speak" and "speech."

"Lose" with one O means "miss," or "fail to find,"
Double the O, it signifies "mbind";
Two A's there are in "separate," and two E's—
Do not disturb this balance, if you please.

"Believe," "deceive," and many a combination
With I and E occasion sad vexation:
Which vowel follows C, which follows L?
A cue I know, but prudence says, "Don't tell!"

An ill-made "Speller" is a school-room blight—
Pages of words one never needs to write;
If children should have use for what they learn,
Such books are good for just one thing—to burn.

And school-maams who in daily drill engage
On horrors like "caoutchouc" and "phleborrhage,"
Neglecting "choose" and "chose," "receive" and "carry,"
Are not cut out for teaching—let them marry.

A. N. H.



The Hall of Fame

Down the Hall of Fame we wander,
At the names we all do gaze,
And at each we stand and wonder,
How they ever came to fame.

THE WITTIEST—

Florence Snye.

THE PRETTIEST—

Dora Weinstein.

BEST DRESSED—

I. Mac MacDowell.

THE CLOWN—

Margaret M. Murray.

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED—

Jeanne Tannenbaum.

THE FIRST MARRIED—

Ethel Comins.

THE CUTEST—

Margaret Amsden.

THE MOST GRACEFUL—

Maud Durgan.

THE MOST AWKWARD—

Helen Hawkins.

THE MOST DIGNIFIED—

A race between Lucille Bonner
and Mae MacDowell.

THE CLASS BLUFFER—

Helen Donnelly.

THE MOST BUSINESSLIKE—

Charles Robart.

THE MOST TALKATIVE—

Marjorie Locke.

THE MOST BASHFUL—

Alma Gray.

THE BIGGEST FLIRT—

Violet Garrent.

THE BIGGEST TEASE—

Marjorie Flint.

THE SLEEPHEST—

Doris Honsinger.

THE MOST EASILY FUSSED—

Letitia Provost.

THE MOST EXECUTIVE—

Frances Wilkins.

THE SLACKER—

Madeline Hitz.

THE BIGGEST SCRAPPER—

Genevieve Gonyea.

THE SPORTIEST—

Fredericka Day.

THE BIGGEST BLOWER—

Florence McKenzie.

THE TEACHERS' BLESSING—

Julia Kaplan.

THE BEST TALKER—
Rachel Baker.

THE JOKER—
Clarence Gadway.

THE BEST ARGUER—
Adeline Wallace.

THE BEST SINGER—
Hazel Downs.

THE BEST DANCER—
Greta Howes.

THE MOST ATHLETIC—
Lucy Bartholemew.

THE MOST POPULAR—
Jeanne Tannenbaum.

THE BIGGEST APPETITE—
Hilda Nichols.

THE BIGGEST GIGGLER—
Agnce Bowe.

THE MOST SEDATE—
Lena Finnessey.

GREATEST FADDIST—
Louise Lewis.

THE TEACHERS' TRIAL—
Ethel Derway.

THE BEST ALL AROUND—
Evangeline Nyc.

THE CLASS JOKE—
The Juniors.

THE TALLEST—
Weltha Nichols,
Frances Wilcott.

THE SPOONIEST—
Frederic Martin.

THE MOST STUDIOUS—
Margaret Renison.

THE BIGGEST WORRIER—
Ada Cameron.

THE BIGGEST KICKER—
Mildred Gordon.

DONE MOST FOR THE CLASS—
Helen Meagher.

THE BIGGEST KNOCKER—
Alberta Rovellet.

THE MOST DRAMATIC—
Margaret Tracy.

M. M. M.

Our Alphabet

A—stands for Amsden, from whom it's no use
For a poor, patient teacher to ask an excuse;
"The office was closed when I got there," she'll say,
And this is her answer, day after day.

B—is for Bonner, and Baker so slight,
The glow of the morning and shades of midnight;
And also for Bowe, who whispers and chatters,
When dancing is mentioned, and similar matters;
For Bartholomew too, our sweet little Lucy,
Wide-awake and alive as a gemine Kewpie.

C—is for Cameron, whose delight is to travel—
Just why, we leave to her friends to unravel;
And C stands for Comins, dispenser of sweets,
Who works the professor by buying him eats;
Blows him once to ice-cream, and is sure she will pass,
And besides, can jolly him safely in class.

D—stands for Day, whose flivver, at night
When she is the driver, requires no head-light;
And D stands for Derway, so gracious and winning,
With vocational interests in weaving and spinning.
Helen Donnelly's next, contradictory creature,
All giggles in class, all frowns as a teacher;
Then Durgan and Downs, who "downs" us this time,
In finding a passable joke for our rhyme.

F—is for Flint, with whom we won't trouble you,
And also Fat Addie, who belongs under W.

G—is for Gonyea, who studies all night,
Then goes to the Sixth Grade, trembling with fright;
And also for Gordon, stately and tall,
And Garrant and Gray—O Gee, that's not all!
We mustn't leave Clarence out of our jingle,

Who thinks no man happy unless he stays single;
For marriage, he holds, is naught but vexation,
To be shunned as a wise man avoids litigation.
Such a cynical pose, and views unhefittin'
His years, make one ask who gave Gadway the mitten.

H—stands for Hawkins, who dotes on white-rats,
And various pets, but especially cats.
We have heard how her cats, getting loose on the train,
Fought a second Battle of Lake Champlain;
How they scampered around the car in their scraps,
And scrambled over the passengers' laps.
For her latest—now girls, I forbid you to laugh—
They say she's been trying to tame a giraffe.

H—stands too for Honsie, whose taste in attire,
Conservative, quiet, one can't but admire;
An admitted expert in the dangerous art
Of taking captive the masculine heart.
With a skill, helpless Male, no language can tell,
She could rope you and brand you, and safely corral.

H—stands for Howes, Jakey's steady, you know,
If one teacher's assertion is really so.
And here we are driven clean out of our wits,
To find a good hit for Madeline Hitz.

K—is for Kaplan, whose terrible woes,
In algebra methods every one knows;

L—stands for Lewis, quick-witted maid,
Who, if things go amiss, always renders first-aid;
And also for Locke. After which is she named,
The writer of tales, or philosopher famed?

M—stands for MacDowell, superlative teacher,
Where discipline is the cardinal feature;
Though she may not know a verb from a noun,
All disorder she quells with a glance and a frown;
At milking a cow, or annexing a lunch,
Or hooking a "steady," she beats our whole bunch.

M—stands for Murray, and Florence Mackenzie,

Who, since Plattsburgh "went dry," has lived in a frenzy;
And also for Morford, from over the river,
Who has somehow escaped the nickname "More Flivver";
Then Meagher and Martin we must not omit—
If we left Freddie out, we'd all have a fit.

N—stands for Nichols, both Young and Old Nick,
And also for Nye, in her teaching so slick,
Letitia Provost and Alberta Rovellet
Should learn, one to sing, the other to spell.

R—stands for Renie, shortened from Renison,
Whose mind's swift as a deer—when it's venison.
And R stands also for Mr. Robart,
Whom a railway trip lately proved constant of heart;
He honored every girl in the car
With his company; still, 'twas thought singular
That somehow his seatmate was always the same
Whenever the train to a tunnel came.

S—stands for Snye, who in singing's no "snide,"
For the fame of her talent is spread far and wide.
Both Tracy and Tannenbaum come under T,
One laughs all the time, and the other—not she.
Under W, Frances Wilcott we find,
And Frances Wilkins, two of a kind,
And also Miss Wallace, listed already,
And Weinstein, with plaintive voice and unsteady.
When a caller rolled down the steps like a ball,
Miss Weinstein inquired, with a smile, "Did you fall?"
And though right-minded people are bound to deplore
What he said in reply, do you wonder he swore?

Horoscope

	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE NOOK	HIGHEST AMBITION
Helen Hawkins,	Goodness.	Up the river.	To attend formal dances.
Madeline Hitz,	Can you beat it.	History of Comm. Room.	To be everywhere at the same time.
Jennie Tannenbaum,	O'Heavens.	Back seat of red Auto.	Be a favorite with all the teachers.
Charles Robart,	Get an ad'.	In the lime light.	To be monarch of all he surveys.
Mae MacDowell,	I could chew the air.	Officers' Club.	To be State Commissioner of Discipline.
Margaret Amsden,	I'll get my "lavolver."	In the cosy corner.	To make a hit with Bennie.
Rachel Baker,	Oh! Rats!	On the rostrum.	To be a second Sarah Bernhardt.
Ethel Derway,	Actually.	Monument.	To be a Spinner.
Frances Wilkins,	Mercy! I don't know.	Stackpole's Shoe Store.	To get a man.
Frances Wilcott,	I haven't any.	In a settee.	To change her name.
Evangeline Nye,	You don't know nawthin.	Hildreth's Store.	To be home when he comes.
F. Snye,	Do it, and you're dead.	In Miss Steel's class.	To take Miss Garrity's place in the Normal.
Fred. Day,	W-H-Y.	In a Ford.	To take a husband to end her troubles.
Lucille Bonner,	She won't put anything over on me.	Normal Campus.	To have light hair.
Frederic Martin,	O—Gee!	Leonard's Hall.	To meet her at next convocation.
Clarence Gadway,	There, you've done it.	Morrisonville.	To grow up.
Mildred Gordon,	Haven't looked at Hist. of Ed.	Near C. V. Hospital.	See what a man—kin do.
Helen Donnelly,	Not hardly.	On the rostrum.	To be a critic teacher at P. S. N. S.
Doris Honsinger,	Lands!!!	D. & H.	Learn to walk with reasonable speed.
Ada Cameron,	My sakes.	Boarding on Court Street.	To be a Movie Star.
Lucy Bartholomew,	Get bnsy.	In a Ford with a red front.	To publish a book on electricity.
Agnes Bowe,	I was just going to say something but I forgot it.	Keeseville.	Not to miss a dance.

	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE NOOK	HIGHEST AMBITION
Alma Gray,	There!	Near Penn. Station.	Get somebody's fellow.
Hazel Morford,	My soul.	Miss Carroll's classroom.	Sunday School teacher.
Marjorie Flint,	See!	Hotel Champlain.	To get her studies done so she can entertain.
Hilda Nichols,	What page is it?	In parlor on Sunday night.	To be a vampire.
G. Gonyea,	Haven't looked at a book.	"Court" Street.	To become pleasing plump.
Greta Howes,	Mercy! No!	Beekmantown.	Run a special car to Beekmantown.
Florence MacKenzie,	Goodnight!	Conch Hammock.	To become superintendent of schools.
L. Provost,	That 1st Grade.	P'burgh Barracks.	To become assistant to first grade.
Margaret Renison,	What time is it?	Movies in Morrisonville.	To dodge Dr. Hawkins.
Dora Weinstein,	How'd you get it?	Front Seat in Dr. Kitchell's Arith. Class.	To put Peekskill on the map.
Margaret Tracey,	Heavenly day!	Cadyville.	She never tells.
Louise Lewis,	Tell Louise.	On piano seat 'neath Miss Garrity's eye.	To be ready when he comes.
Margaret Murray,	My Laws!	Cloak room at lunch time.	To have curly hair.
Ethel Comins,	I was so mad,	Hist. of Ed. Room.	To do something great.
Adeline Wallace,	Tell me if I don't know.	Hist. of Com. Classroom.	To be coffee maker at Witherill.
Maud Durgan,	Ye—gods!	P'burgh Barracks.	To be able to work accounting problems.
H. Downs,	I know I'll have to teach this morning.	Love's Garden.	To be a minister's wife.
Marjorie Locke,	I'll say so.	Clinton Theatre.	To make the pictures move.
Violet Garrent,	O'Dear,	Study Hall after school.	To do good in the world.
Alberta Rovelle,	Oh! Really?	Buick Car.	To have many admirers (Myers).





Junior Class Officers

JOHN J. WHALEN	President
KATHERINE A. BAXTER	Vice-President
MILDRED E. SIGNOR	Treasurer
DOROTHY M. MAYNARD	Secretary

CLASS MOTTO

THROUGH TRIALS TO TRIUMPH

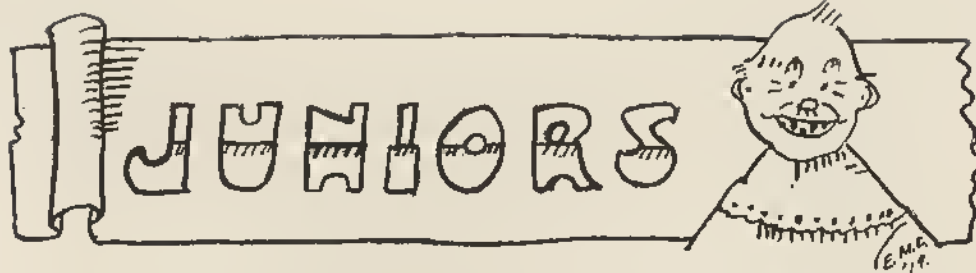
CLASS COLORS

RED AND WHITE AND BLUE

CLASS YELLS

Say.
 Say What?
 That's what
 What's What?
 That's what they all say.
 What's that they all say?
 Juniors. Juniors. Juniors.
 '20. '20. 1920.

Oskee Wow wow Wickti Wi '20—'20—Zip—znn—zee



Junior Roll

haley, margaret	plattsburgh, n. y.
hilditch, stella m.	plattsburgh, n. y.
kunffman, sadio	norfolk, n. y.
koerber, kathryn	evalerston, n. y.
lundy, olive	port jervis, n. y.
munyard, dorethy	ausable forks, n. y.
mcgurthy, glady's c.	unsterdam, n. y.
munin, calherine	unewille, n. y.
norcoss, mae	cadysville, n. y.
nutter, milledal alta	bainbridge, n. y.
parks, elsa elizabeth	south glens falls, n. y.
parneter, hazel janetta	altona, n. y.
parrotte, mary a.	plattsburgh, n. y.
poovers, gertrude helene	cadysville, n. y.
prine, jane elinifred	elizabethston, n. y.
ruvels, nuna	johnston, n. y.
sauconib, catherine	chataaugay, n. y.
sauzeville, cassie	peniceville, n. y.
scribner, ruth c.	plattsburgh, n. y.
sheehan, julia	chataaugay, n. y.
signor, miltred ellen	plattsburgh, n. y.
staford, lettie	willstoro, n. y.
stenson, bertha phibe	plattsburgh, n. y.
stewart, josephine	plattsburgh, n. y.
thompson, katharine	plattsburgh, n. y.
thompson, mary elizabeth	broomeville, n. y.
vanghin, emma m.	monticuminville, n. y.
welch, catherine m.	clayburgh, n. y.
wheaten, john j.	peckskill, n. y.

gilliland, hucille
 gilles, mabel pearl
 gfield, ruti
 duby, marilda c.
 dempfsey, angela b.
 dazidson, flora olive
 cravely, john
 caffey, knithrine frances
 coats, cilla h.
 cisco, daisy c.
 carl, esther m.
 bush, frances esther
 brown, adah m.
 bradley, emilee m.
 boylun, mary c.
 bonmassa, syzina
 benedict, glady's myra
 benedict, gertrude c.
 baater, knitharine a.
 baker, marion isabel
 ayers, hazel

plattsburg, n. y.
 clemhurg, n. y.
 plattsburg, n. y.
 alburg, vt.
 hudson falls, n. y.
 moore's forks, n. y.
 haselton, n. y.
 plattsburg, n. y.
 fern, n. y.
 port jervis, n. y.
 plattsburg, n. y.
 hallston spa, n. y.
 johnston, n. y.
 moore's, n. y.
 minerva, n. y.
 plattsburg, n. y.
 elizabethton, n. y.
 lewis, n. y.
 plattsburg, n. y.
 plattsburg, n. y.
 morrisonville, n. y.

When your up, your up.
 And when your down, your down;
 When your up against the Senior Norm,
 You're upside down.



Junior Class Poem

All hail the junior's eager throng,
Life's journey now beginning,
With one intent they haste along,
Toil's guerdon to be winning.

The call of youth within their hearts
Is ever onward urging,
While Springtime with her mystic arts,
In summer's noon is merging.

Ahead, the road is bright and fair,
Right on to vict'ry winding;
And in the distance shining there
Success her crown is binding.

Then onward, though the vict'ry's won
Through struggles without number,
To conquer ere the setting sun
Has called the world to slumber.

JOSEPHINE STEWART.

Attention

A particular case which recently confronted us and which we were engaged to ferret out may be of interest to the public.

One afternoon as we neared the seashore we observed Comin(s) toward us a very dignified young lady. As she drew Nye we became suspicious and as is customary with detectives we had in our possession a small vest-pocket Camero(n) and quickly snapped her picture for possible use in the future. As she passed us we observed that she was industriously searching her Perc(y) and we saw a card drop to the ground.

Investigation proved that the card bore the name of MacKenzie. Whether or not this was the name of the lady we at least had a clue to Trac(y). We decided to wait awhile as we knew she was there for the summer and to let matters shape themselves.

We then took a wheel chair along the board walk. As we went by a florist's stand we saw a man whom we recognized as a Provost buying some Violets.

Leaving the wheel chair at the stairway we descended to the sand. There we rented a sunshade from a colored boy and seated ourselves comfortably on the sand and read some magazines which we had purchased before coming down. We became very much interested in an article by Dora Weinstein emphasizing the great work of her friend and colleague, I. Mac MacDowell as a suffragist.

It was now time to leave the beach for we had to reach the Plaza in time for a concert, not for the sake of the music but to follow up our clue. As we returned the sunshade, we inquired the direction to the Plaza and the colored boy replied. "Derway to de Plaza? Wilkin(s) take yer der," at which his brother nodded politely and started on. Arriving there we separated, as our seats were not together, having chosen them so for the furthering of our purpose. After I had been ushered to my seat I found that I had judged correctly, for the girl of our search was seated in orchestra E 12, center aisle, while my seat was F 14, and from the facts we had learned I knew her to be Miss MacKenzie. In consulting the program I saw that Lucy Bartholomew was director, Marjorie Flint was prima donna, and May Murray, as well as Florence Snye, were to take the leading parts. Margaret Renison gave a solo at the closing of the program. As soon as the crowd began to disperse I hurried out directly behind the girl and followed her until she reached Seaside Cottage number 7. As she was about to enter she turned around and evidently realized I was following her; I decided she remembered having seen me at the concert.

Then I returned to the hotel to meet my colleague. At the door of the dining room we were met by the headwaiter, Robart. He seated us at a table and called a girl, whom we recognized as Maude Durgan, to serve us. We were very much pleased because her attitude showed her enjoyment at serving.

In the reception room we were entertained with a selection, "My Darling Alma Gray," by Doris Honsinger, accompanied by Frances Wilcott.

Finding it was time for us to leave and having decided to ride, we observed that there were Morfords than any other kind of car. We selected one driven by R. Baker, the only taxi-woman in the place. As we arrived Down(s) town we again separated, stationing ourselves on different corners. Having seen the girl appear and head toward Ocean Avenue my colleague telephoned me to meet her there.

We followed the girl and found, just as we had suspected, that she was headed for a moving picture house accompanied by Wallace. We observed him selecting Nichols for the girl at the ticket window, whom we recognized as Jennie Tannenbaum. A very hashful but attractive girl, Helen Donnelly by name, ushered them to seats and we followed close behind. The violinist, Clarence Gadway, was imitating the song of a Martin on his violin. The picture was "Rovelle and her Bowe, Lewis." The cast of characters showed Lucille Bonner as Rovelle's governess.

Leaving the theatre that night we followed them to a Chinese restaurant, the proprietress of which was Helen Hawkins. While there we noticed two ladies enter and inquire for work by the Day, and as they turned to leave we recognized the Misses Gonyea and Fimmessey.

When we saw Wallace tip Miss Gebo and close the door behind Florence and himself, we made haste to leave, and followed them back to the cottage.

Upon arriving at the hotel we found that we had neglected to Locke our room door.

The following morning we reported to headquarters that Miss MacKenzie disobeyed the Non-Movie Law. She was immediately taken into custody and Mary Harvey and Mildred Gordon were summoned as witnesses. Nothing of value could be learned from Mildred's testimony, but after Mary Harvey had been cross-examined, and my colleague had testified, conditions changed and upon the return of the jury she was pronounced guilty of disobeying the Non-Movie Act, and when Judge Amsden pronounced the sentence Miss MacKenzie learned that she could not attend any more evening affairs and entertainments until after the end of June.

ALL SENIORS MUST OBEY THIS LAW. Howes it Hit(z) you?

Junior Class Song---1919

Words and Music

by

HAZEL J. AYRES

All hail to the class of Juniors true,
And farewell, dear Seniors, we'll profit by you.
Your errors and progress will prove us to be,
"Second to None" Class in school history.
True friendships we've formed from our pleasures and strife,
And staunch friends of P. S. N. S. are we for life.
Then, good luck, ye Seniors, your role we shall play,
Class 1920—one year from today.

All hail to the class of Juniors true,
To the class of victory, the Red, White and Blue.
Three full rousing cheers, O Class! one-nine-two-o,
May years be filled with success as we go.
Then onward and upward, with kind deeds to cheer,
We will solve away the problems of just one more short school year.
We sing "Hurrah! Juniors, the victory's to you."
Class 1920, the Red, White and Blue.

We Juniors

(With Apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

Are you Seniors perfect, as Perfection's said to go?
Are you sure you know about all there is to know?
Do you think you're worthy of such a Junior Class, as we?
Read this over once—then see if you agree.

Have you kept your head when you were called on,
 (No matter who the teacher, the question, or the class) ;
But trusting in yourself would make an answer,
 That by your bluffing would be sure to pass?

If you can study, and not give way to "grinding,"
 Yet learn—and not make that your aim,
Then meet with pupil teachers who know nothing,
 But take upon yourself the blame.

If you have cast aside your books to listen
 To essays, such as we have heard,
And clapped and smiled when they were finished,
 And never even mentioned, "How absurd."

If you can smile and not give way to giggling,
 When jokes from teachers seem to be your lot ;
But bear it all—and go on smiling,
 Whether the joke is clear to you or not.

If you have cheated and were caught in cheating,
 And lying, but were caught in lies ;
Yet by your bluffing came out safely
 And had not seemed too stupid nor too wise.

If you have filled each and every minute
With sixty seconds' worth of good hard work,
And happened once to get a lesson wrongly,
And then was called by all—a common shirk,

But went on bravely, striving to do better,
Doing all and more than you should do;
Then yours is the school and everything that's in it,
And what is more—WE tip our hats to you.

A. L. G.





Jokes



Mr. Todd—"How many of you has your Shorthand?"

Miss Kaufman (transcribing)—"Dear" (fussed), "My Dear" (more fussed),
"My Dear Madam" (still more fussed), "Dear."

Mr. Todd—"Yes, dear."

(We did not know you were so affectionate, Mr. Todd).

AT SOCIAL DANCING

(Mr. Whalen dancing with Miss Gilliland suddenly trips and almost falls.)

Lucille seizes him tightly about the waist and saves him from falling, but quickly said, "Pardon me, John, I did not mean to hold you tight."

We doubt it, Miss Gilliland.

If you have for your escort a "prof,"
And silly girls giggle and cough;
Just cast down your eye,
Look modest and shy,
Not stuck up—and they'll soon cease to scoff.

What do we hear in bookkeeping?
Nothing but the rattle of paper;
And now whom do we hear speaking?
Why, Mr. Correll our instructor.

By whom is this noise being made,
And what is our teacher saying?
This noise is being made
By our boy, namely, Johnnie Whalen.

Mr. Correll is considerate
When he tells John what he will do,
Which is, he will buy him a rattle
When his typewriter paper is all used.

First Senior—"How do you spell 'relieved?'"

Second Senior—"U-S" when we get our diplomas.

NOTICE—A poverty party to be given in honor of Dr. Kitchell next Thursday at EIGHT P. M.

Miss Gilliland—"Say, Kate, you know it doesn't take very much wisdom to be a good dancer?"

Miss Baxter—"Well, Lou, if that's the case why aren't you one?"

A JUNIOR QUARTETTE

Four Juniors sit silent at table.

And scarcely lift an eye:

Then interchange a single glance,

And begin, all four, to cry.

The boarding-house keeper wonders;

But the Seniors know full well

The after-symptoms of a test

By Inquisitor Correll!

Mr. Correll—"Those are very good L's, Miss Baxter."

Katherine—"You made them."

Mr. Correll—"Well,—they are not so good."

Dr. Kitchell to Miss Baker, who is striving to reach the top of the black-board—"Marion, if you had grown when you were young you could reach now."

Marion—"Well, I'm young yet."

SCENE: In the Movies.

TIME: Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Correll on entering the theatre evidently found it very dark and taking his seat, sat on a young lady's lap. The young lady rather provoked said, "One seat over, please, this seat is paid for." At this Mr. Correll took his place one seat over and apologized by saying, "I beg your pardon, I guess I almost sat on you." To this the young lady answered in this manner, "ALMOST!"

Dr. Kitchell—"Miss Baxter, why did you say pine boards were used in floors?"

Miss Baxter—"Because you can wax them."

Dr. Kitchell—"Why are they waxed?"

Miss Baxter (thinking of previous dances says in an undertone)—"For dancing purposes of course."

John Whalen's motto—"Remember the Maine(ard)."

Sign seen in a down town store window, "Home sick will open tomorrow."

FOR GIRLS ONLY—

Flow inquisitive boys are, we know you would look.

DISCOURAGING

We scrape and scrub and polish till we're pretty nearly killed,
And think each plate and platter clean as water twice-distilled;
Then hear the scornful verdict, while we tremble in our shoes:
"THESE DISHES ARE UNFIT FOR ANY ONE TO USE!"

WHALEN AND HIS
FLOCK



POSING FOR THE FACULTY PICTURE

"You grouchy old bachelor," she said,
No wonder you never were wed!
That scowl and that stoop
Will queer the whole group;
Look pleasant, and hold up your head!"

Mr. Shallies—"And you say you LOVE your new spring hat?"

Miss Healey—"I certainly do!"

Mr. S.—"Then your hat and your young man go in the same class?"

Dr. Kitchell (seeing M. MacD. coming down the hall with John Whalen)—
"Mac, I want you to let John alone, he has enough girls already."

Mac—"Oh! there's always room for one more, isn't there?"

John—"There! there is a twentieth century girl."

Dr. Kitchell, quite overcome, starts down the hall slowly mumbling in an undertone about "these girls."

John—"Now, Dr. Kitchell, don't go away angry, I'd like to have seen you seventy-five years ago."

Visitor—"What is the noise in the red brick building? I can't stand it."

Student—"Oh! That's only Mr. Correll carrying on a recitation."

If you'd know how a frog looks
Asleep in the sun,
Glance up from your song-books
When the morning's half done.

Principal (interviewing a prospective teacher)—"Do you drink?"

Applicant for job—"Thank you, sir, I'll have a small one."

"He who has a thousand friends
Has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy,
Will meet him everywhere."

John Whalen—"You look sweet enough to eat."

Senior—"I do eat. Where shall we go?"

Ann Rowles (after she had failed to answer a question, with comment of Mr. Correll)—"Well! I'm not as green as I look."

Mr. Correll—"That wouldn't be possible."

If you would know what sort of a girl Ada Cameron is, travel on the D. & H. a while with her. She is indiscriminating in the remarks she makes, especially about commercial travelers.

(Junior talking to a Senior over the telephone.)

Senior—"Are we going to wear our colors Monday, I couldn't go to class meeting yesterday?"

Junior—"Oh! No! Not until next Saturday. You know we changed them to red, white and blue 'cause some of those Seniors found out what they were."

Senior—"Oh! Did we? Well, I like those better anyhow, they are more patriotic and then we'll fool those Seniors."

DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY WILL EVER GROW UP?????????

PREPAREDNESS

When the teacher implies, in his speech,
One's a lemon in class, and no peach,
The girl with a "steady"
Has her answer all ready,
"I don't intend ever to teach."

How did you know that Charlie Robart was a teacher?

Didn't you see me look into his eyes?

Yes, but even so—

Well, I could see his pupils.

Student to John Crowley—"You would be a good dancer but for two things."

John—"What are they?"

Student—"Your feet."

Mary had a little lamb,
That had a facile leg,
It followed her to school one day,
And now it's writing Gregg.

THE HARDENING PROCESS

Thin, dainty slippers and filmy hose
Are for winter wear, when it freezes and snows;
But at ninety-five in the shade or worse,
If you're not a back-number, pile on the furs.

J. Prime (coming into study hall all but convulsed with laughter).

M. Murray—"What's the matter, Jane?"

J.—"Got a zero in Geography."

M. M.—"You seem alarmed."

J. P.—"Well, it's better than nothing."

"Then this," asked dejected John, "is absolutely final?"

"Quite," was Dorothy's reply. "Shall I return your letters, John?"

"Yes, please," answered poor John, "there's some good material in them that I can use again."

Senior—"May I have some bread?"

Francis Bush (picking up a slice and handing it to her with a gracious smile)—"Certainly."

Senior—"Wouldn't a plate be a convenience?"

Senior—"I wish to question you about a tragedy."

Mr. Sinclair—"Yes?"

Senior—"What is my grade?"

Dad—"Oh, say, who was here to see you last night?"

Mildred S.—"Only Catharine, father."

Dad—"Well, tell Catharine she left her pipe on the piano."

Miss Garrity—"What are the two most popular pieces in school?"

Miss Bonner—"Long Boy" (Mr. Correll) and "Huckleberry Finn" (Dr. Henshaw).

We've seen ships without their rudders,
We've seen oysters without pearls;
One thing we ne'er expect to see, is
John Crowley without a girl.

Mr. Thompson (to Ethel Comins, after she has put a balance sheet on the board)—"Any objections to a date, Miss Comins?"

Mr. Todd—"What did you have the most trouble with today, Miss Wallace?"

Adeline—"That word 'a-courtin'."

Mr. Todd—"Yes, that always bothered me, too."

A learned phool is one who has read everything, and simply remembers what he has read.—Josh Billings.

To bring up a child in the way he should go, travel that way yourself once in a while.—Josh Billings.

Mr. Todd—Seeing Miss Bowe fall in going up stairs says, "Has you hurt yourself, Miss Bowe?"

Miss Bowe—"No, but what it means—"

Mr. Todd—"What does it mean?"

Miss Bowe (a sigh)—"Seven years more."

(Lucile just before vacation due to the "Flu").

A Junior—"Have you heard what our lessons are to be during vacation?"

Lucille—"Yes, Mr. Todd said to finish Gregg and start Pitman. Mr. Correll said to journalize and post the whole book, and if you have time work on arithmetic."

Daisy—"Adah, do you suppose you could stretch these shoes?"

Adah—"Yes, if I could get my feet inside of them."

Gladys Benedict—"I've been carrying the baby around the floor for a week back."

Hilda—"Pshaw! That's no remedy, what you want is a porous plaster."

What's the difference between the mumps and the measles?

Why, in the mumps you shut up, and with the measles you break out.

Senior—"My isn't the moon almost perfect?"

Junior—"Yes. All it lacks is a uniform."

First Senior—"Do you know how long a person can live without brains?"

Second Senior—"No, I don't know, but perhaps I can figure it out. How old are you?"



Sadie Kauffman—"What is Class Day?"

Lucille Gilliland—"Oh, it is sort of a vaudeville, the girls come out and take off different things."

There is a man in our town,
He is most wondrous wise;
Upon his face he wears a frown,
And goggles on his eyes.

When students flunk out penmanship,
In bookkeeping have no brains;
He gives them each a re-exam
And flunks them out again.

Senior—"I would take you to the vaudeville, but I know you would be uncomfortable."

Junior—"How is that?"

Senior—"You know the Government now puts tax on the seats."

SENTIMENTS OF THE CLASS OF 1919 SMILE

Build for yourself a strong box,
Fashion each part with care;
Fit it with hasp and padlock,
Put all your troubles there.
Hide therein all your failures,
And each bitter cup you quaff;
Lock all heartaches within it,
Then—Sit on the lid and laugh.

Tell no one of its contents,
Never its secrets share;
Drop in your cares and your worries,
Keep them forever there.
Hide them from sight so completely,
The world will never dream half;
Fasten the top down securely,
Then—Sit on the lid and laugh.

For Sale—Beautiful Carriages.
Apply to—Ethel Comins, Doris Housinger and Hilda Nichols.

E. Comins (in typewriting room)—“I’m awfully nervous.”
Maud Durgan—“What is the matter?”
E. Comins—“Oh, my feet are so far away from my head they bother me.”

To Midyears—
It’s nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that’s disgrace.

ABRIDGED DICTIONARY

Bluffing—The end gained by a normal education—A quality unknown to Juniors, but inherent in Seniors.

Commencement—The awakening of the dead.

Examinations—What Sherman said war was—Another term for revenge—Synonymous with “Flunk.”

Faculty—A body of well-meaning souls eking out an existence by increasing their profession. A dried collection. A term of endearment supposed to be derived from the Indo-Iranian Meadian, face “beloved” Cultytic, “by students.” Hence the “Happy Faculty.”

Juniors—A small body of mind entirely surrounded by matter.

Midyears—An oasis of intellectual activity when the sporty do their working and the grinds are at their best.

Orals—Dr. Henshaw’s delight.

Question—To the Prof. a form of discourse for concealing ignorance. To the Student, a form of bluffing.

Senior—A finished product.

Study—A vicious habit to which Juniors are commonly addicted.

First Senior—“What does ‘Anatomy’ means?”
suddenly transformed into squirrels?”

Second Senior—“There would be one less nut in the world. ”

While I. Mae's father was in Florida she had to milk the cow and these are words that were heard for days:

My Pa has gone away;
I wish he would come home!
I want my dear Papa to stay
Where I can see him every day!
Ma! when will Pa come home?

First Senior—"What does 'Anatomy' mean?"

Second Senior—"Isn't it about one's bones and muscles, and lungs, and so on?"

First Senior—"I thought it meant what you sit down on!"



THE MELTING POT

Professor—"Where is it you're going to teach?"

M. S. A.—"Babylon, Long Island."

Professor—"So you're going down with the Medes and Persians, aren't you?"

M. S. A. (seriously)—"Are there really many foreigners there?"

Dr. Kitchell—"Miss Dempsey, were you out last night?"

Miss Dempsey—"N-o-o-O."

Dr. Kitchell—"Miss Dempsey, take the third problem."

Miss Dempsey—"There are twelve feet in one inch, therefore in thirty-six inches there are three feet."

Mr. Todd (in shorthand class)—"All you that are absent today bring your excuses not later than tomorrow."

Mr. Todd—"Miss Stewart, what two kinds of strokes do we have in Pitman?"

Miss Stewart—"Continuants and Explosives."

Mr. Todd—"I wish they were explosives."

Most of us know what is meant by the "bicycle-face"; but the bicycle-face in the palmiest days of bicycling is not to be compared with the face of the learner practicing the touch-method of typewriting. A roomful of young men and women, each sitting with head unmoved, eyes wide-open and fixed on infinite distance, attention divided between verbal repetition of the words to be typed and consciousness of the dire results of a single glance at the keyboard, is a sight to be long remembered. In the words so often appearing in the sales-lists of metropolitan dealers in second-hand "Flivvers," "It must be seen to be appreciated!"

HOPES HELD OUT TO US

The diploma you're toiling for here,

Will have little cash-value, I fear;

But round out your knowledge

With three years in college,

And you may earn eight hundred a year!

Marjorie—"I wish Fred would hurry up."

Julia—"I don't think he is coming tonight."

Marjorie—"Dear me, I did want that box of candy so badly."

A SENIOR'S MEDITATIONS

"That course in Home Making," said she,

"Sounds a little-bit-all-right to me";

And thought, with a grin,

"Does the college throw in,

A Hubby with the degree?"

Miss Prime—"Why is it that journalists are so partial to violets and may-flowers?"

Buffalo seems to be a very attractive name to Hilda Nichols.

Dr. Kitchell, who is talking about a bush being in bloom said—"Well, Miss Bush, I do expect to see a Bush in orange blossoms sometime."

Is he right Frances?

ON WITH THE DANCE!

Time—About 10.00 P. M.

Place—Administration building, Plattsburgh Barracks.

Scene—Victory Ball.

Present—Most of Plattsburgh and surrounding towns.

Principals—I. Mae MacDowell, Brookings Tuttle, Louise Lewis, Prof. Correll, a Judge and his Wife in close proximity.

ACT I

The Judge approaches:

Judge—"Good evening, Brookings, how are you? Have not seen you in a long time. How have you been?"

Brookings—"Why, good evening, Judge, so glad to see you. How is your good health?"

Judge—"Fine, never felt better. By the way, who is the young lady with you? May I have the pleasure?"

Brookings—"I beg your pardon, Judge. Miss MacDowell, allow me to present Judge ——."

Mae—"Judge, this is surely a great pleasure, most happy to make your acquaintance."

Judge—"I am delighted to know you. You live in Plattsburgh? Seems to me I should have known you for some time."

Mae—"No doubt we have met before, if we haven't we surely should have."

Judge—"I say so too. By the way, I heard you sing in the M. E. Church, Easter Sunday."

Mae—"Yes, I sang a terrible Aria."

Judge—"I liked it very much. That is a great favorite of mine. I do not know when I have heard it rendered so well. You sang it with such a wild air."

Mae—"Oh! Thank you! I am so glad you enjoyed it. That is just too sweet of you for anything."

Judge retires to his wife's side.

Short intermission follows.

Judge approaches again.

Judge—"My wife thinks I did not pay you very much of a compliment, but I meant it to be, and it was, I assure you."

Mae—"I know it was, I never was paid such a perfectly lovely compliment."

Judge—"I am a great student of nature and I know all the songs of the birds. Knowing this, you will appreciate the compliment. I just love to hear birds sing."

Mae—"I surely appreciated your compliment from the first, but it means so much more to me now, Judge. What birds are you most fond of hearing sing?"

Judge—"Blue Jays by day and Screech Owls by night."

Mae—"Come Brookings, 'On with the dance.'"

THINGS THE FACULTY ARE FOND OF

To assign lessons	Mr. Todd
To make himself clearly understood	Mr. Sinclair
To entertain returned soldiers	Dr. Kitchell
To jest	Dr. Henshaw
To keep himself informed on all current events— dances for instance	Mr. Thompson

THINGS THE SENIORS ARE FOND OF

Pitman Shorthand	Charles Robart
Dr. Henshaw	Ethel Comins
The Girls	P. W. M. Colburn
Herself	Mac MacDowell
The Fox Trot	John Crowley
The Movies	Agnes Bowe
New Style Bookkeeping	Adeline Wallace
Meditation	Violet Garrent
Accounting (We wonder why?)	Marjorie Flint
Formal Dances	Helen Hawkins
To recite in History of Commerce	Margaret Renison
Business, first, last and always	Lucy Batholomew

FAMOUS COMPOSERS WE HAVE KNOWN

I'm Glad I Can Make You Cry	Hazel Downs
Long Boy	Helen Hawkins
How you going to keep us down on the farm.	P. W. M. Colburn
I'm Always Chasing Rainbows	Margaret Amsden
Frenchy, Frenchy	Sylvia Bourassa
I've Got the Sweetest Girl	Charles Robart
The Rose of No Man's Land	Dora Weinstein
They're all Out of Step but Me	John Crowley
I Hate to Lose You	Dorothy Maynard
Just A "Wearyin'" for You	John Whalen
They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me	Catherine Baxter
Beautiful Ohio	Maudie Durgan
Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning.	Doris Honsinger
The Last Long Mile	Second Semester
Sweet Little Butter Cup	Adah Brown
Somewhere You're Dreaming	Calla Coates
Send Me Away With a Smile	Francis Bush
My Sunshine Jane	Jane Prime
Over There	Lonise Lewis
Where He Leads Me I Will Follow	Junior Class
I'm Sorry I Made You Cry	Mr. Correll

Are You From JerseyJennie Tannenbaum
 Nobody Ever Cultivated Me, I'm WildMargaret Murray
 My Wild Irish RoseAdeline Wallace
 There's a Quaker Down in Quaker TownGreta Howes
 What Are You Going to Do When the Whole, Whole, Darn
 World Goes DryLucille Bonner

(Heard from the third floor in the ripe hours of the morning.)
 M. MacD. (calling a taxi)—"Will you come to 27 Draper Ave. in about fifteen minutes?"
 "Well just a minute and I'll call—"
 (Party on the other end of the line calling until out of hearing)—"Seth! Seth! Seth! Seth!"
 Seth at the phone—"HULL—O."
 M. MacD.—"Will you send a car to 27 Draper Ave. in about fifteen minutes."
 Seth—"WHERE?"
 M. repeats with fear of waking the household.
 Seth—"WHO?"
 M. again repeats.
 Seth—"Oh! 15 Draper Ave. in 27 minutes? All right." HANGS UP.

Seniors (studying History of Commerce)—"Now come on let's be serious, What was the first nation called?"
 Louise (after long thought)—"HEAVEN."

THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW

How Ann Rowles can ride on the D. & H. from Plattsburgh to Johnstown for fifty cents? Cry Ann! and the Seniors will find a way even if they have to cheat the D. & H.
 Why the people on the back row in History of Commerce know all there is to be known while the front rows tremble in their ignorance?
 How Frances Bush vamps the men?
 How Ada Cameron got her drag with Bennie?
 What became of Maude Durgan's "Messenger?"

Why Lucy Bartholomew loves the fat men?

If Jonah studied interior decorating?

Why Mary Thompson will not make dates with the Sterner Sex when she has so many opportunitites?

How Ann Rowles got her drag with Mr. Correll? Perhaps it was her unlimited supplies of zero's.

Why the Clios took the Ago President on a rush party.





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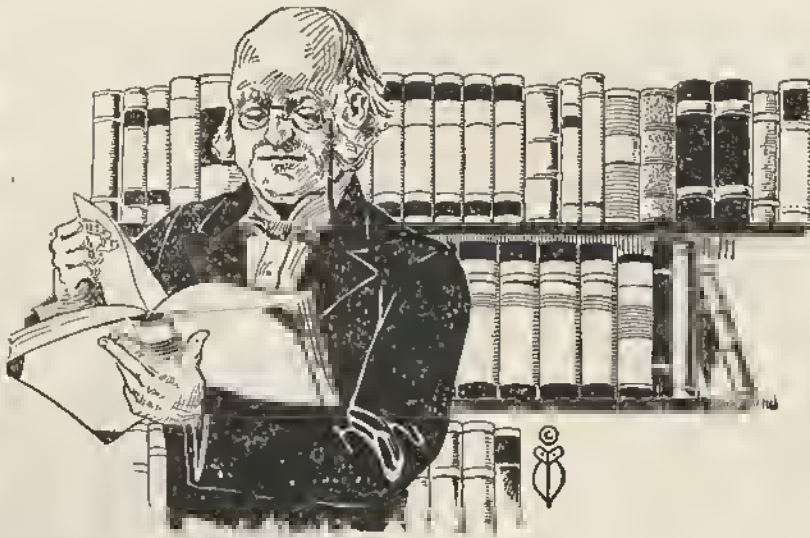
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